

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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ONE SHIP DRIVES EAST.
AND ANOTHER WEST WITH
THE SELF-SAME WINDS
THAT BLOW.. 'TIS THE SET
OF THE SAILS AND NOT
THE GALES. WHICH DE-
CIDES THE WAY TO GO..

LIKE THE WINDS OF THE SEA ARE THE
WAYS OF FATE. AS WE VOYAGE ALONG
THROUGH LIFE. 'TIS THE WILL OF THE
SOUL THAT DECIDES ITS GOAL. AND NOT
THE CALM OR THE STRIFE

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CARBUNCLE

A CARBUNCLE is essentially the same thing as a boil, but it is much larger and much more serious. A boil is defined as an acute inflammation of the skin and of the loose subcutaneous tissue that originates in a skin gland or its duct and terminates in suppuration and the death of the tissue primarily affected. In a carbuncle, instead of a single focus of inflammation, there are several foci, and the parts between them are also attacked.

A carbuncle is the result of infection by one of the pus-forming germs, which enters the skin through a scratch or other slight wound, or that, more likely, is already present in the ducts or hair follicles and finds an opportunity to grow whenever the resisting power of the skin is lessened. Weakened resistance is often owing to a systemic disease such as diabetes. The usual place for a carbuncle is the back, especially the back of the neck, but it may occur also on other parts, such as the scalp or the outer surfaces of the arms.

The first sign of the beginning carbuncle is an irritable and painful pimple from which the inflammation extends over an area of perhaps two or three inches in diameter. The skin is elevated over the part, is "boggy" and extremely painful to the touch. The entire area is the seat of violent throbbing, burning pain. After a while, if not opened by the surgeon, the skin breaks in several places and exudes pus. The mass of tissue beneath, which corresponds to the core of a boil, becomes gangrenous and is gradually extracted through the various openings. But a carbuncle should never be allowed to reach that stage untreated, lest the germs and their toxins be absorbed and lead to blood poisoning.

Various methods of treatment such as injecting carbolic acid or salicylic acid have been suggested, but, if the early application of heat by means of a flaxseed poultice or a clay poultice does not speedily reduce the inflammation, the skin should be freely incised so as to give unobstructed exit to the sloughing tissues, and then antiseptic dressings should be applied. After that perhaps a suitable bacterial vaccine will complete the cure.

RODIN'S PHILOSOPHY

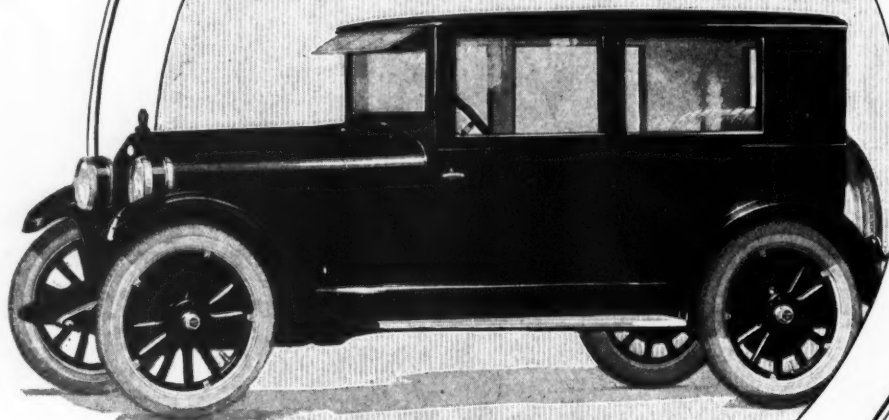
RODIN, the sculptor, thought clearly and rationally on other subjects as well as on art. On one occasion—so we learn from his secretary, Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici in the Cornhill Magazine—a certain visitor remarked that where self-sacrifice achieved no lasting good it should be discouraged.

As an example of what she meant she described a certain family, the mother of which was old and bedridden and had as her permanent attendant her youngest daughter, a fine-looking young woman of marriageable age. Now, argued Rodin's visitor, surely it was to be deplored that there was no legislation or public tradition that could prevent a young and useful life from wearing itself away in such unproductive and depressing toil, however sublimely unselfish the toil might be; for by the time the mother died her devoted daughter would find herself left useless and alone, broken and debilitated by her life of sacrifice.

Rodin listened attentively, as was his wont and, when asked for his views on the question, replied: "Certainly I agree with you, mademoiselle, that the loss to the world of such a young and beautiful life is lamentable. I think as you do that it is not a pleasant sight to watch a youthful and desirable creature wearing herself away in a gloomy sick room. But have you thought of the alternative? Is it not a thousand times better that one person, like the young woman you speak of, should be broken and debilitated by a life of self-sacrifice than that the principle for which she strove—the principle of filial piety—should vanish from this cruel world and leave suffering humanity much poorer than it is at present?"

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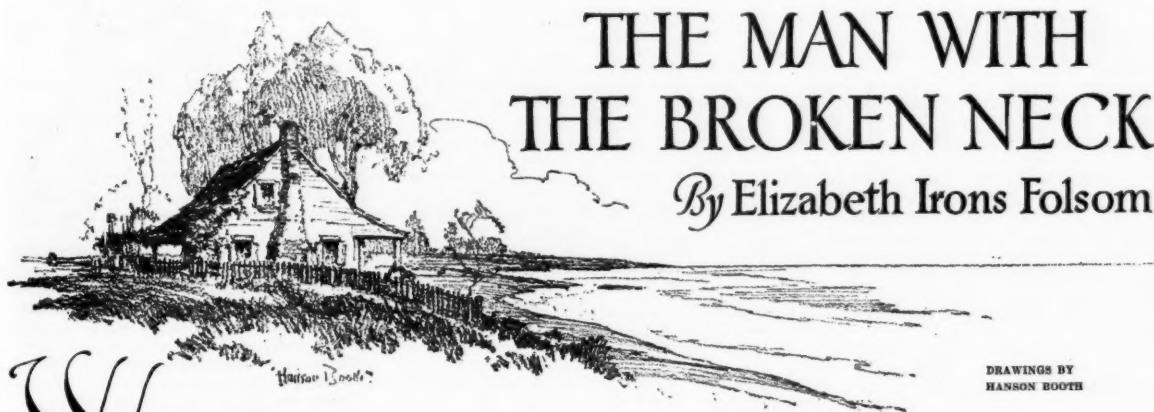
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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THE MAN WITH THE BROKEN NECK

By Elizabeth Irons Folsom

DRAWINGS BY
HANSON BOOTH

WHEN it stormed the big waves of Lake Michigan broke and foamed and streamed far up over the beach, sometimes nearly across the rocky road. They reached with long curling fingers for the little house and then went hissing back to reach perhaps a little farther the next time, but they never reached quite far enough to touch even the pickets of the door yard. Sophie loved to watch the waves. Ten years ago they had frightened her, but now she loved the stormy days even better than the calm days when she could stand and watch from her window the endless stretch of shimmer, the countless millions of twinkles that the sun wrought. She had never been lonely even in her saddest times, for she could talk to the lake and feel that it understood. And now she was packing furiously, for the little house had been sold. In spite of her protesting pleadings Jonas had insisted on selling it. She had not refused to sign the deed; it was never of any use to refuse when his jaw set.

The furniture was almost ready to go; it was to be stored in the lean-to of her sister's house, and Sophie herself was to go to her sister's and stay there while Jonas made the trip to Illinois upon which he was so determined. She was packing two trunks, her own and Jonas's; for the first time in their married life she was separating their clothes, their belongings. She was doing it fiercely, almost throwing his clothes in. One of the reasons that she felt like throwing them, one of the most painful of her thoughts, was that he did not seem to care very much. He had sauntered round the house that day, helped her a little and had joked—joked!

For her the very slant of the window sills hurt, they were so much hers; the smudge of black on the ceiling above the table on which the lamp had stood cried to her of the long evenings she and Jonas had sat together snug in their comfort and heard the waves break and roar so entrancingly close. After she had taken off the plush lambrequin she put her cheek against the clock shelf. Its nicked edges—for it was a homemade shelf that Jonas had put up—seemed to nick her heart. The first day she had put the lambrequin up to hide the board little Danny had pulled it off and would have wrecked the clock had she not been close at hand. That was the winter before diphtheria came to the island and her baby had gone with the others.

She threw a coat savagely into the trunk, then turned back and smoothed the sleeves and placed it carefully. She lowered her swollen face and turned away, for Jonas was coming slowly up the walk. He was tall and straight with narrow shoulders, a neck too long and a face too narrow. Above his high forehead was a standing tousel of grayish hair. Jonas had a gentle voice, a gentle way of moving, a gentle face—except when the lurking stubborn lines about his mouth showed too plain or his square chin pushed a little too far forward.

He adjusted himself against a roll of

bedding that was on the sofa. "I think you'll be pretty comfortable down at your sister's. That east room looks out on the lake from one window and off up the hill from the other. You can see the hotel; it'll give you something to do to watch the people when they begin to come."

Sophie turned on him. "Jonas, I can't figure what's got into you, and you won't tell me," she said slowly; "you might as well, now that you've had your way. Tell me why you were bound to give up your job in the store. Tell me why you made me sell the place. You've had your way. It would be little enough for you to tell me why."

"I told you I was tired selling Indian baskets and cheap crockery to summer visitors and then living on as little as I could all winter till they came back to buy more."

"I don't believe that is all. You wouldn't, stubborn as you are, hurt me like this for a notion."

"It was a good chance to sell. This ain't a house that rich folks would ever buy, off around the hill like this. I might have never had another chance. Two thousand dollars is a good deal of money for it. I'm tired of the island. I want to get out a bit."

"Lie to me if you want to, Jonas. I can't stop you."

He moved uneasily. "Sophie, I want to see that Illinois man about my eyes."

"There's nothing the matter with your eyes. Mr. Sanders says so."

"What does Sanders know? He just fits glasses. Because he don't see my eyes all swelled up and red he thinks there's nothing wrong. That Chicago man told me that this fellow down in Illinois was the whole thing on eyes. I want to see him, and it would cost more money than we ever had at one time."

"If that's all, we could have managed to get that much money somehow without selling the house."

"I'd like to know how."

His wife came close to him. "Jonas, you know whether I'd take care of you or not if there was really anything the matter; I've done it often enough, mercy knows. If you've got any bones that you haven't broken some time or other, you've sprained them! You've had more accidents than any other man in the world! I've been through all those things and never said a word. But you've got foolish about yourself; you think you are sick when you are not. You've taken this notion about your eyes. You're just getting old;

your eyes are all right. Get you some new glasses. I've told you a hundred times."

"They don't do any good."

She threw up her hands. "Oh, no use to talk. You're wicked, you're cruel! Oh, my house, my little house!"

Jonas slowly left the sofa and went across the room and out of the back door. He walked slowly down the one plank that formed the walk to the end of the yard. Once he slipped off it and righted himself stumbingly. "You see!" he said aloud to the old chipped log across which for years he had splintered the firewood. "You see! I got off the walk because I couldn't see the edge of it. I'm getting worse every day. I can only see four telegraph posts toward the town; last week I could see five. That mist is a-drawing closer all the time, and I don't dare tell her. She'd worry herself to death if she knew how bad I'm getting."

He moved the log with his foot and continued to talk to it as if it were a person.

"Yes, she'll stand it better if there's a little mad in her worry. Gosh! I hated to do it, but, if it's cataract I've got, as that man said, this doctor can operate and fix me right. And I had to give up my job. I could hardly tell a red basket from a blue one six months ago, and Sophie'd go wild if she knew. It was the only way to get the money. She'll have a thousand here, and I'll take the other thousand and go to Illinois and pay what I have to. She'll have to think I'm shiftless. She certainly has had her share of worrying about me and taking care of me." He laughed with unhappy humor. "I've broke two arms and one leg and my collar bone twice, and she's seen 'em all through. They were all small things compared with this. But I'm going to find out; I'm not going to sit right here and go blind, not if I can help it. I'm going to find out!"

Jonas took a rather desperate pleasure in his journey to find out. He boarded the evening boat and squinted mistily over the rail at the great green bouquet of the island rising out of the water as they moved away. Now that the bustle of packing and the parting from Sophie were over he could be alone to think over what would become of them whichever path the visit to the specialist should point them to. If it was a road to recovery, he believed that he should feel like branching out a little with Sophie's thousand, for he might have to spend most of his own for the operation. There might be real business somewhere that he could do, a broader life that he could lead. He was vague about it, for he had known nothing except the island; but, if the grinding fear that was with him was taken away, he might see something new and great along that path. And if it should be the other path—well, he must try to figure out what a blind man could do.

He stayed late on deck and was up early and at the rail again. At every landing he peered anxiously, trying his sight in all kinds of ways. It seemed to him that it was growing dimmer and dimmer. It was somewhat like a game to watch to see whether the next landing was thicker in fog than the last one had been.

Chicago was a problem. He knew the way across the city, but as he stood on the first curb he was tempted to take a cab. But he reflected if the wrong path should await him after a while, he should need his money; so he set his teeth and plunged into the blur. It was not so hard as he had supposed. He straightened his shoulders and smiled when quite without thinking it out he found that, if he stepped close behind some one crossing the streets and watched him instead of the traffic, the sharp eyes of the unconscious helper would take him safe over. The plan worked at the station too, and he used it to board his car.

Then there was an all-day's ride. He sat all the way facing the window with his elbows on the sill, catching what glimpses he could of the flying country. The sweetness of early spring came through the window; occasionally there would be a farmer and his

"Tell me why you made me sell the place"



team close enough to the track for him to observe the plowing. The greenness of thick branches, the spread of meadow and pastures, came foggily to him, and he watched greedily—because there was that other path.

By sticking close behind some other pedestrian, he reached the hospital and the presence of the big man. He answered the questions; he stared into the electric machine that told the secrets of the inside of the eye, and he listened, faintly smiling at his own resourcefulness, and heard the specialist say cheerfully:

"I'll ripen these cataracts, and then we can operate in a couple of weeks. Been a little thick traveling, has it?"

Then Jonas knew that he was afraid. Cravenly through brain and in every muscle he was afraid; his hands were quivering, cold and wet; there was a catch in his throat. He wanted the island; he wanted Sophie and the little house; most of all he wanted Sophie. He told his pillow that night that he must have the firm touch of Sophie's small hands, the sound of her voice and its dear fretting note as he had last heard it. But she had only a thousand dollars, and he did not know yet which path it was to be.

In the morning he had a grip on himself again and wrote to her. His writing staggered over the sheet, but he hoped that it would have a cheerful ring when she read it. Then he stared out of the window all day. Only forty years old and perhaps darkness!

They were inclined to laugh a little at him in the hospital, he was so tall and lank, so unused to people, so odd in his ideas of clothes. But he won their good will by his simplicity, and after the operation was over the nurse wrote willingly to Sophie and told her that his eyes would be bandaged for two weeks, but that there was no reason why he should not go home at the end of that time and see his way to go. Sophie wrote almost every day, and they read him her letters as soon as they came. Everyone was kind, and Jonas had never been so happy in his life as he was when he was told that he would see when the bandages were taken off.

"You'll have to wear spectacles of course," said the doctor, "and you'll have a hard time at first getting used to using your eyes, but it will come."

And Jonas did have a hard time. It dashed his joy a little to find that he must learn a new world, a world in which there was light enough, but a light that played strange tricks. He had to learn how to look, and shadows and steps were menacing dangers that he believed he could never meet.

He went across the long crooked hall that he knew was straight and into a room where four convalescents were playing dominoes. They made a place for him agreeably, and he sat on the edge of the bed and practiced looking. On a trunk at the end of the room there were some red letters. "I can nearly read those letters!" he cried. "I'm going to get a little nearer." He crowded his way round the corner of the bed, caught his foot, stumbled and fell sprawlingly and heavily over the footboard upon the floor.

The men shouted with laughter. "Get up," they called and laughed again.

When he did not get up they went to him. He had fallen with his head bent forward under him, and it rolled inertly as they picked him up.

Two doctors were on the stairs, and it was only a few minutes before Jonas was stretched flat on his bed with a long thin sand bag down each side of his neck. They screwed a ring to the wall and stretched a leather head harness to it; they pulled his legs straight and tied weights to his feet. Then he opened his eyes.

"Fractured a vertebra," said the doctors. "If the spinal cord is not injured, he may get well. Better send for his wife, though."

When Sophie read the letter they sent her she turned so white that her sister took it from her and read it too. Then the sister sniffed. "Well, you poor thing," she said, "don't you have a time! His neck was the only thing he hadn't broken, and now he's broken that. I wouldn't go near him, Sophie. You've done your part."

Sophie seized her letter. "You talk as if it were his fault! You don't suppose he broke his neck on purpose, do you?" And she traveled down by train to Jonas where he lay held fast by his sand bags and leather straps and weights.

It was the longest and hardest pull of Sophie's experience, three months of Jonas's helplessness and the gradual seeping away of her thousand dollars. Jonas was helpless. She took as cheap a room as she could find near the hospital and spent her days with

him. Her slim figure, her clear eyes, her gleaming dark hair, grew to be familiar to everyone in the hospital.

The doctors were proud of Jonas. They exhibited him as a man who was going to recover from a fractured vertebra. He walked haltingly at first; that would pass, but his neck would always be in one position; when he turned his head he must in the future turn his shoulders, indeed the whole upper part of his body.

"That's going to keep me from doing a lot of things, Sophie. Don't it seem a pity now I have my sight that I couldn't have had my body in good fix too?"

"Don't say a word like that," she charged him.

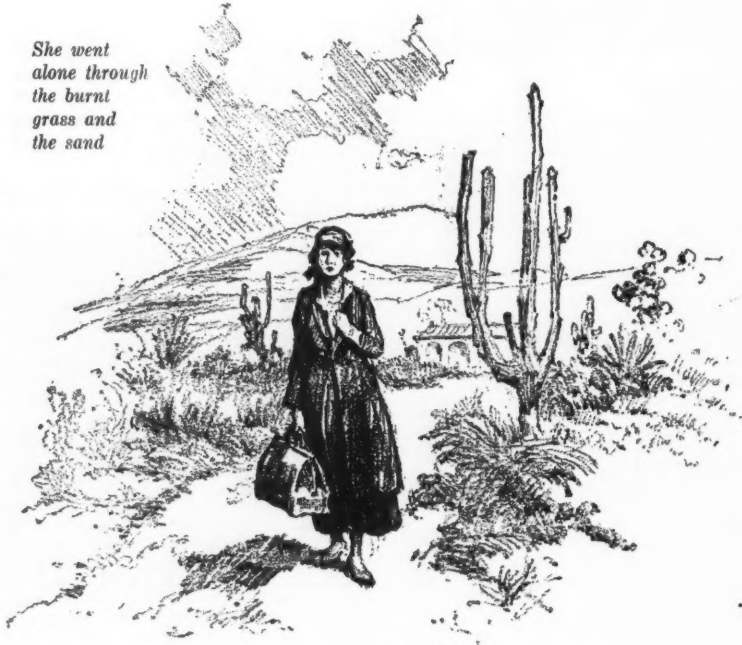
"But what can I do?" he replied uneasily. "I had two or three things planned to make money, buy a house and take care of you awhile. You've done nothing since we were married but take care of me!"

"If you want to go to Texas, Jonas," said the doctor, who was listening, "I'll give you a start there looking after some land I've got."

Jonas caught at the lead.

"Texas!" said Sophie; it was as if the

She went alone through the burnt grass and the sand



inside and, sitting down, thought of a rocky road that wound into cool shade and was lapped by greenish water—

A woman dashed the door open.

"The work train was wrecked in the yards!" she screamed. "They are bringing your husband home!"

"Of course," said Sophie.

The next few weeks were unforgettable, not so much for the familiar practical things to be done, but for the change in Jonas. He had ceased to bear his misfortunes patiently; he brooded silently in his bed. They never spoke of the past or of the future. A strange dull cloud had settled over them both.

Sophie understood that Jonas had in his mind the chance of getting something from the railway for his latest accident, but her interest in the matter had not been strong until one day when she admitted the lawyer who had been there before and as she went about her work heard him say:

"I've talked with the doctor. You've got the best kind of personal-injury case; you can sting them for ten thousand dollars. The broken leg wouldn't get you much, but that injury to the spine is the thing. The doctor will testify that you will always have

rich; they won't miss it. They're a big corporation."

"Well, you shan't steal from a man or a corporation, if I can help it. And I can. I'll tell the truth!"

"Do you mean you will tell how I got that hurt?"

"I will. You shan't do this."

He reached for her hand and caught it. His voice changed. "Sophie, I'm tired. Let's take the chance."

She shook her head.

"If you will, I'll—go back to the island."

To Sophie's eyes came a vision of cool splashing water—the greenness of pines. She shook her head again.

"Sophie, I'll buy back the house."

She put her hands over her eyes and moved away.

Then the lines grew taut round Jonas's mouth, and his chin was as if it were cut from stone. Anger flamed in his mild eyes. "Then you go back to the island and let me alone; I'll do what I please. Go back! Don't have the face to stay here and fight your own husband!"

There were no more words. She went out and closed the door, and Jonas sat alone long hours in his chair. He heard her moving round in the kitchen. She brought in his supper tray and put it beside him. She had on her coat and hat.

"Where are you going?" he asked sharply.

"Home."

"Ain't you going to stand by me?"

"Not in this."

"Then go," he said.

Sophie sat on the ground halfway up the hill from the road in the darkness of the pines. There was a sting of frost in the air. From where she sat she could see the village at the wharf. There was a crowd there to meet the incoming boat. She could see the big hotels, closed, for the summer guests had fled to the cities. In the other direction lay the stretch of winding rocky road and wonderful water over which was creeping a gray mist that merged all distance into the dull sky.

She watched the road from the town, for along that road in a minute Jonas was to come.

His first letter since her return home had arrived only a few days before, and he had said that he would be there on the vessel that had just come in. She did not know what she was to say to him; she did not know what had happened. But she wanted to see him! How she wanted to see him! Suppose he had not come. She swallowed hard and, watching, slipped down the hill a little, for a tree was in her way.

When she saw him coming she held her hands tightly together until he was close and then went swiftly down the hill to the road to meet him.

He looked thin and tired and turned his body in a strange stiff way to meet her. "Well, Sophie," he said and kissed her once awkwardly.

She watched him. Old, tired, wrong—but he!

"I've bought back the house, Sophie," he said as he might have offered a toy to a child.

Sophie's heart thumped. So he had gone on with the suit then. An icy finger seemed to touch her heart.

"Let's walk on up and see it," he said.

Then she spoke for the first time. "Jonas," she began, then hesitated.

They walked silently up the road round the curve that shut it from sight of the town, then beyond the other turn, which left them quite alone with the little house ahead. It was vacant; then the people had moved; she had not known.

They stood together by the gate, and she clutched it. So near the little house—near what she had lost—near Jonas, but with the shadow of that other thing to spoil it! Jonas was speaking:

"I didn't do it, Sophie, I settled with them without saying a word about anything except the leg. They gave me two thousand dollars, and we never spoke of the other. The lawyer was mad enough, but I couldn't quite do it. So I bought the house, and I'm going back into the store. I've got the job again."

A storm was coming up, and the first great rolling swell broke on the beach and ran streaming up the road, reaching out for the white pickets.

"Looks pretty, don't it?" he said with a catch in his voice.

She turned her shining eyes to him, and their fingers clasped.

doctor had said Afghanistan or Timbuktu. "I'd rather go home, Jonas."

"Home! Back to the island? Sell baskets and beads again? Give me a chance, Sophie!"

Sophie closed her lips tight and went to her shabby room to figure how much money would be left when she had bought the tickets to Texas.

The new idea was a mighty stimulus to Jonas. He mastered the whims of his spectacles; he learned to turn his body almost as readily as he had turned his neck, and on their journey south he was in the highest spirits. "I'm at the end of accidents, I know," he said. "If I ever have another, I believe I'd give up. I'm out for good luck now, Sophie."

Sophie did not answer. She was looking out of the car window at the stretches of burnt prairie, over which quivered the heat waves of the late August sun. She was looking at the blistered rolling hills, but she was seeing pine woods black in their greenness, blue-green depths where you could sit and could come near to pure thoughts, to high strivings, to wonderful half-understandings, where you could breathe the spicy coolness and have your hair lifted by puffs of wind charged with the freshness of far waters and see the waves dance and glitter or break and boil—Oh, the little house!

The little house and the green of the island possessed her mind and added torture to her blistering arrival at the edge of the new town. Jonas dropped off the train at the yards, and she went alone through the burnt grass and the sand to the house that was to be her home. Writhing yellow water trailed through muddy banks close by; the wind slapped the sand into her face. She went

to turn your shoulders when you turn your head. That's the kind of thing that will catch a jury, a permanent thing like that. I believe I'll put it at fifteen thousand instead of ten. They can't get around that spinal condition. You never had it before this accident, did you?"

Sophie's hands were still. She listened.

"No," said Jonas.

They said other things that Sophie did not hear, but after the man had gone she went in and stood by Jonas's chair.

"What is this thing you're going to do?" she said.

"What thing?" Jonas moved restlessly.

"You are not going to pretend that you got that hurt to your neck in this accident, are you?"

The color came into Jonas's face, and his gaze dropped from hers.

"Yes, I am." And then under the steady gaze of her eyes, which had a glitter in them, he burst out, "I'm down and out, Sophie. If anyone ever had hard luck, I'm the man! Why, I've had so much that it's funny. Now I've got a chance to be fixed comfortably for the rest of our lives. I say it's due me; I say that a man who has gone through what I have is entitled to something. The world owes me something. I've been pretty decent through a lot of things, but I'll be hanged if I'm not going to take some comfort now."

"Are you going to steal it?"

"Well, I'm going to make that road pay. Let them see my condition. They can't know that it wasn't caused by the accident. No one here knows. It was providence to have it happen the day I came. Nobody will know, and it's an offer of something to make us more comfortable. Let them pay. They're

THE PEARLS OF QUOGHOGGAR



Chapter Three Playing possum

ALMOST all the brooks and rivers of the United States from Maine to Texas contain mussels or clams in which pearls are occasionally found. No form of life is more widely diffused than these various specimens of pearl-bearing mollusks. In some regions they abound; in others they occur but sparsely. Oddly enough Quog Brook in that sinister, forbidding and man-forsaken marsh proved unusually prolific in pearls.

Catherine went back there every day for a week. She had already found several pretty pearls. Fortune seemed at last to have tossed a morsel of its beneficence in her direction, and she wished to make the most of it.

One morning after she had attended to the home duties and was hitching up Bim to set off for Quoghoggar she was surprised at receiving a call from that troublesome old French "doctor." He smirked and bowed with even more than his former unctuous politeness and finally on her asking him his business said he wanted to inquire whether "ze mama-zille who fin' so many herbs" would be willing to sell him such as she had on hand. He had not been able to find many of late, he said, and was in need of more to make several tinctures and essences for which he had found sale. That at least is what his message amounted to when reduced to plain English; he embellished it with much clumsy persiflage and many fulsome attempts at flattery, which Catherine at last cut short. She much distrusted the real object of his visit, but she was greatly in need of money that season; and so she told him that she would sell him what she had and named the price of the different herbs.

The old fellow offered to take the lot so eagerly that Catherine brought down the many packages from the attic and let him examine them. Then she weighed them and calculated the total price, which amounted to about thirty dollars.

"I sall tak it all!" he cried and started to carry six of the packages out to where he had left his horse and wagon.

"But how about the payment?" Catherine asked him.

"I sall pay on de firs' day of de nex' mont'," he replied confidently, beginning to put the packages into the wagon.

Catherine quietly took them out and carried them back to the house. "I am sorry," she said, "but I need the money. I cannot wait so long."

He shot an evil look at her and then, hopping into the wagon, drove off without further displaying his effusive politeness.

Catherine could not help laughing, and yet she felt apprehensive that something disagreeable might result from the incident.

Apparently the sight of so large a stock of herbs in her possession had stimulated the old fellow's cupidity afresh to learn where she had gathered them. A day or two later, while putting up Bim in the hay barn on the edge of Quoghoggar, she chanced to glance out at the half-open door and saw a

human face peeping from a clump of bushes across the meadow. She was sure that the furtive watcher was "Doctor" Bedotte. For an instant she was highly indignant; her first impulse was to walk straight to him, give him "a piece of her mind" and bid him begone. Second thought convinced her that such action would do no good if he had really learned anything. Then she decided to hitch up Bim and drive home, leaving the old sneak to his own devices, but as she was untying the halter another idea occurred to her. She smiled to herself. Since he was bent on spying, she would give him all the spying he wanted!

Emerging leisurely from the barn with a sack thrown carelessly over her shoulder as if she were going for herbs, she set off across the open tract and entered Quoghoggar by a route with which she had grown familiar. She did not look back, but was pretty sure that the wily "doctor" would follow her. Nor did the surmise prove wrong. After wending her way round the sloughs for several hundred yards she stepped behind a bunch of thick alders and glanced back from the cover of the leafy stalks. Several moments passed; then once more she caught sight of the same sly face peeping from a bunch of tall weeds at some distance in the rear. Yes, he was there, hoping no doubt to discover where she had gathered so many herbs.

Still sheltered from view by the bush, Catherine turned slowly and went on as if she were wholly unaware that anyone were following. She wended her way leisurely on round sloughs and rocky hillocks and through cedar thickets and swamps of black alders, following certain landmarks that she had by that time learned to recognize. To make sure that the old fellow had not given up the chase she stole a backward glance from cover now and again. He was still coming on. It is needless to say that Catherine took care not to approach places where she had previously found herbs or to cross Quog Brook at points where she had opened mussels lest the empty shells might catch his attention.

In the course of an hour or two she reached one of the blindest, most bewildering parts of that wild tract. There for a time she meandered to and fro round and about the bogs and hillocks; then, suddenly quickening her pace, she passed round the foot of a densely-tangled thicket, doubled back again and started to return to the old hay barn by another way half a mile or so from her outward route.

Few persons could walk through woods more fleetly than Catherine. She made fine time for a mile or more; then stopped and watched. Assured at last that the old doctor was no longer on her track, she hastened back to the barn, hitched Bim and drove home, for it was now near sunset, and clouds were rising. She fancied that her inquisitive tormentor would be late home that night from his wild goose chase and thought that he would not spy on her again.

Of course Catherine had planned nothing more detrimental to the essence maker than a long hard walk; she merely hoped to teach him to mind his own business. But the old seventh son did not come home that night or the next. In fact he did not come home at all.

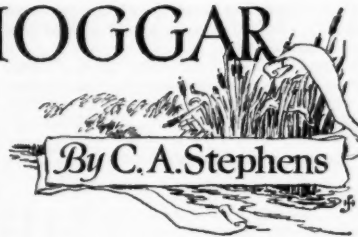
By the afternoon of the second day the people at Lurvey's Mills where he lived began to bestir themselves to learn what had become of him. No one regarded him as a great loss; but the disappearance of a human being always excites curiosity. By the third day a party of his immediate neighbors were out searching for him, and the news had spread abroad. I heard it during the afternoon; and while we were at supper that evening Catherine called, looking greatly concerned.

"Have you heard about Dr. Bedotte?" were her first words.

"Yes, I heard he was lost," said I. "Have they found him?"

"Not that I've learned," she replied in so serious a tone that I thought it strange and remarked somewhat jocosely that I could not understand why she should worry.

"But I am worrying!" she rejoined.



By C. A. Stephens

"I'm very anxious. I'm afraid I'm responsible for his disappearance."

"You? How so?" I exclaimed.

"It's like this," she began in conscience-stricken tones. "Dr. Bedotte followed me over to Quoghoggar. He didn't know I saw him, but I did, and I led him a long chase into the very worst part of it." Catherine then went on to tell me about it in detail.

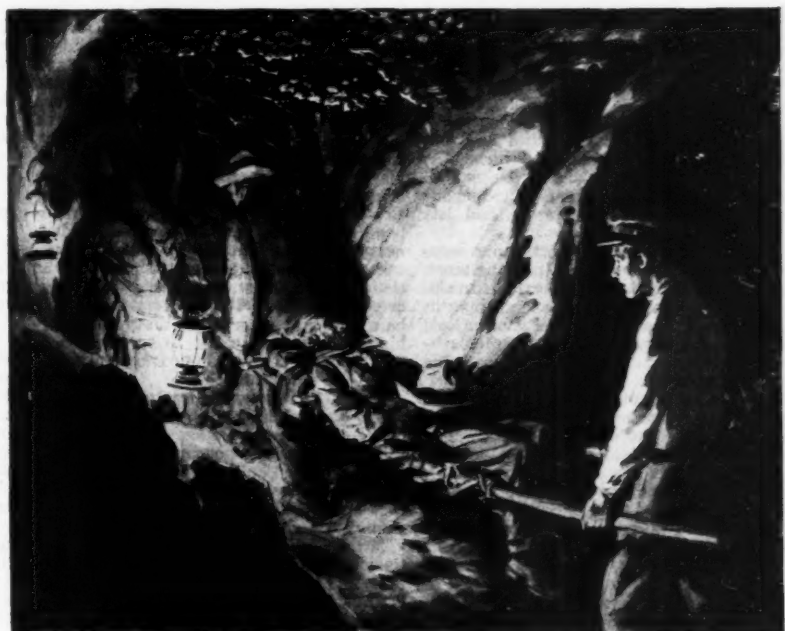
I burst out laughing.

"But I'm afraid it's no laughing matter!" she exclaimed earnestly. "Evidently he is lost. I never thought of its ending so seriously. It was two whole days ago. He may perish. Perhaps he has perished already. Oh, I ought to have known better than play such a prank!"

"Don't fret," I said, "We'll raise a party and look him up in the morning."

"We must go tonight!" Catherine exclaimed.

"All right, Kate," I said. "We'll go. Willis Murch is at home; he's a good woodsman; I'll run over and get him."



That night's task is still a painful memory

"Good!" said Catherine. "And while you are doing that I'll run home and harness Bim."

I made haste to the Murch farm and at last persuaded Willis, who was none too enthusiastic, to set off with me. Some minutes passed before I could rouse his sympathies in "Doctor" Bedotte's behalf. Willis detested him; he suspected the old fellow of robbing a line of mink traps that he had set the winter before. "I'm going for Catherine's sake," Willis said, "not on account of that old skeesicks."

Taking two lanterns, we drove to the meadow with Catherine's horse and wagon. Willis also took his gun and a pocket compass that he often carried in the woods. I had been in favor of calling four of our neighbors to aid us, but Willis thought we should do better without them.

Reaching the meadow, we lighted our lanterns and after putting the horse into the barn there entered the swamp. Catherine led the way.

It was only by her familiarity with the place that we were able to keep to anything like a straight course among the sloughs and hillocks.

Before we had gone half a mile I was bewildered. Good woodsman as Willis was, he too was baffled; but Catherine led on, though

she was frequently obliged to hold up her lantern for a glimpse of some upstanding rock or odd-shaped tree that served her as a landmark.

At last after fully an hour and a half we found ourselves near a tangled bog at the foot of a small pond; and there Catherine stopped, holding up the lantern for a glance round. "This is the place where I saw him last," she said. "I don't think he caught sight of me after that, for I scudded round that cedar thicket and soon was a long way off on my way back."

"Then probably he stood around here watching and listening for some time," Willis remarked. "You say it was near sunset and cloudy. Now what would the old chap be likely to do after he found that you had given him the slip? Naturally he would start to go back, wouldn't he? He would want to get out of here and return home before it became dark. I know I should, and probably that's what he tried to do."

"But he didn't do it," Willis went on, reasoning it out. "So he must have missed his way back and begun circling round, for that is what most everybody does when lost in the woods. Dark must have come on very soon after that. Possibly he may not be far off."

Acting on Willis's ideas, we went back a little way to where we had passed a gravel bank and, mounting it, shouted repeatedly and then fired two or three shots.

Since there was no response, we went the other way to the west by compass for a considerable distance till we came to Quog Brook, which we crossed, and then climbed a craggy ridge beyond it.

There again we fired several shots, and once as we stood listening Catherine was sure that she heard some one shout; but Willis said it was the cry of a bear.

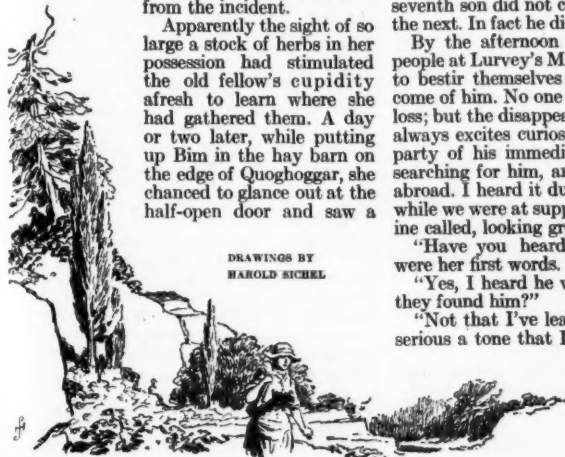
It was now almost eleven o'clock; so as near as we could by compass we went southerly for a long way and were pretty well down to the chasm in the lime rocks where the brook leaves Quoghoggar before we shouted and fired again.

Immediately after the first shot there was an answering hullo not far away, and, proceeding in that direction, we presently smelled tobacco smoke and came upon the missing "doctor" sitting on a log, smoking a pipe. Near a large rock a few steps away smoldered a little campfire in the ashes of which were the bones of a small animal, probably a hedgehog.

No doubt Bedotte had heard us coming for some minutes. His crafty little eyes appeared to be examining us sharply in the lantern light, but he did not speak.

"Well, well, there you are then!" Willis exclaimed. "Why didn't you come home? Couldn't you find your way? Did you get lost?"

"Oui, oui, I get los'," the man muttered, yet my first impression of him was that he looked pretty well, considering that he had been lost for three days.



DRAWINGS BY
HAROLD RICHEL

Catherine was so greatly relieved that, quite forgiving the old fellow for his former impertinences, she expressed pity for him and asked how he had fared and what he had found to eat. His replies were not informing; he appeared to be watching our faces covertly.

At last rather impatiently Willis said, "Come on, Bedotte. Let's be going. We'll show you the way home."

The old fellow made no effort to rise and finally intimated that he could not walk. It was possible, we thought, that he might be weak with hunger. By placing a hand under each arm Willis and I tried to raise him to his feet; apparently he could not help himself at all. When we withdrew our hands he fell over sideways, declaring that he could not stand.

We fussed over him for some time. He could not or would not make an effort to help himself.

"I guess we shall have to lug him out," Willis muttered to me at last.

Using a little hatchet that he carried in a sheath attached to his belt, he cut a number of poles and withes, from which after considerable bother we rigged a kind of rude stretcher.

To get the old fellow on it we were obliged to lift him by main strength. He seemed wholly nerveless as if paralyzed and pitched heavily this way or that if we let go.

But we got him on it at last and, taking up the ends of the poles in our hands, set off with him; Willis was in front, and I was behind. Catherine led the way with a lantern in each hand.

That night's task is still a painful memory. "Doctor" Bedotte was no featherweight! My arms were soon aching, and at times I heard Willis muttering.

Yet there was nothing to do except rest a bit and go on. We could not leave the man there, and it was impossible to bring a team into Quoghoggar.

Several times we had to stop and regain our bearings with the compass. But I need not dwell on that journey out of Quoghoggar—the hardest, worst night's work I ever did. We were more than three hours in finding our way to the meadow where we had left Catherine's horse.

I suppose we had transported our helpless burden fully four miles, perhaps much farther, reckoning the detours we had to make round sloughs and hillocks. Several times in spite of the compass we were as good as lost; but as often as we came to a standstill Catherine went on ahead and determined the proper direction.

We reached the old hay barn at last; and now no other course seemed open to us except to put Bedotte into Catherine's wagon and thus transport him home to Lurvey's Mills.

He no longer replied when we spoke to him; indeed he appeared to be only half conscious, as if the jolting we unavoidably gave him had been too much for his waning strength. About once in five minutes, however, he moaned piteously.

We removed the seat from the wagon, lifted him into the body of it and, bolstering his head with the seat cushion, to which Catherine added a wrap that she had brought, let him lie extended. From the way he sighed and moaned we were afraid that he might die before we could get him home and summon a physician.

In the haste of setting off we had not thought to bring a stimulant with us. Not to jolt him more than could be helped, we walked him all the way; Willis led him by the bit, and I followed behind the wagon to watch and help if necessary.

Dawn was brightening the east as we emerged on the highway from the trail leading to the meadow; and, as Catherine could do nothing more, she left us there and hastened home afoot to summon a physician. Willis and I took the road that led to Lurvey's Mills.

The sun was peeping up when we reached the house where the old doctor lived, and people flocked out to greet us.

Then a curious thing happened. Bedotte suddenly sat up in the wagon body, grinned in our faces like a mischievous old orang-outang and hopped down without assistance of any sort!

"I tank for de bon ride," he said with a cunning leer. "You mos' kine to me. I hab de fine ride out of de woods," and he slipped quickly indoors.

The old scamp had been "playing possum" all the time!

Nothing really ailed him. Perhaps he was not even lost.

He had fooled us completely with his groans and sighs and had beguiled us into toting him four or five miles.

Willis started to follow him into the house, but the wary old fellow had turned the key in the outer door. We caught sight of him through the open window, and Willis approached it.

"I'm not going to waste words on you," he



WELL, I guess I may as well take the kid with me this afternoon," remarked Tasker, yawning and leaning back from the breakfast table with a glance, half patronizing, half expectant, at his younger brother Carl.

To appreciate the real importance of that announcement you should know first of all that Tasker Finch was a business man and had been a business man for exactly ten days. The rest of Tasker's days, which amounted to sixteen years, two months and one day left over, had passed without any warning of his brewing greatness. But when his Uncle Paul found him a job as agent on commission for the Hoskins Farm Accessory Company the full bloom of business manhood burst forth upon him with a suddenness that took the family by storm. The vacant expression, the rounded shoulders, the slouchy walk, all vanished in a twinkling; everything about Tasker from the yellow hair smoothed back till it disappeared behind a high, stiff collar to the buttoned, cloth-topped shoes combined to express the alert man of business.

Of course Tasker, like most of us who begin to do something that people are not accustomed to see us doing, got his share of ridicule; perhaps he got more than his share from his Uncle Paul, whose favorite joke was to listen solemnly while Tasker explained that "pep" and "push" were "half the battle in business" and then suddenly inquire, "Now, Task, boy, that other half of the battle, what about that?" Tasker's face would fall, and his talk would stop. Thus far his order book remained as clean of pencil marks as on the day it was given to him.



DRAWINGS BY
W. F. STECHER

said. "But don't you ever cross my path after this! Don't you dare meddle with my traps either! And if we know of your spying on a certain young lady again, we'll serve you as they did where you came from up on the Chaudière River. We'll run you out of town—on a rail!"

An hour later when we were only a little way from home we met the physician whom

Catherine had hastened to call, coming post haste.

"Your patient's got well," Willis shouted to him. "You needn't go any farther—unless you've got a dose of good strong acid to give him!"

Willis was in a bad state of mind for a week or more. But Catherine said, "I am only too glad the old fellow was shamming."

THE TRICKS OF THE TRADE

By Henry J. Sowerby

But, if Uncle Paul did not take Tasker so seriously as Tasker took himself, the same thing could not be said of his younger brother. Carl would drink in Tasker's discourse on the art of salesmanship as if it had been the outpourings of a prophet. Tasker's grand and lordly manner filled him with the deepest respect. Some day to be a business man just like Tasker was the summit of Carl's ambition.

So when Tasker proposed to take him for an afternoon's business tour in a hired car Carl's delight knew no bounds. Tasker was well aware of it; that is why he yawned.

As Carl was getting ready for school Tasker summoned him to a conference in the "sample room," the large closet beneath the stairs. It contained a steamer trunk, a broken chair, parts of a dismembered bicycle and some packing cases.

Those were not the samples; the samples were neatly packed in a little black bag on the broken chair. Just what they were no one knew. Their identity was one of Tasker's "trade secrets."

"Think you could put through a bit of a deal for me this morning?" he began with a mysterious air of big business as he closed the door and switched on his flashlight.

"Guess so," said Carl with a nervous laugh.

Tasker opened the bag and lifted out a small round can that gleamed bright red in the spotlight. "See this?" he said, holding the can between finger and thumb. "Stay-Put roof tar." After that introduction he gravely returned the can to the bag. "Think you could show it to the kids at school?"

"Guess so," said Carl.

"You can! Good! Now listen or you'll go and show it the wrong way and spoil the whole proposition. Show it casual-like, not as if you wanted to force it on 'em—that would just scare 'em. Be casual—like this: 'Say, fellows! Seen this? See? Then they'll get interested and go home and tell their fathers all about it. Get me? Then this afternoon—'"

"No school this afternoon," Carl interrupted him. "Teachers' congress."

"Sure thing!" exclaimed Tasker. "We business men watch out for things like that. Now you show the Stay-Put can this morning. They'll talk about it at dinner. Then this afternoon I'll hire a car, call at the houses and just take the orders. You may come with me."

"All right," agreed Carl. "You really going to hire a car, Task?"

"Sure thing! I'll have a raft of money by dinner time. There's a twenty-five dollar order for Duxbak paper roofing coming in this morning. I'm going to call on the farmer right now. He promised it yesterday—practically."

"My!" exclaimed Carl admiringly.

Carl returned home rather late for dinner—at Tasker's request the meal had been set half an hour earlier—and slipped into his chair more quietly than usual. Strangely no one paid much attention to him, not even Tasker. In fact Tasker was looking glum.

"Great day for an automobile ride, Task, boy," Uncle Paul began cheerily.

Tasker did not answer. "Good idea for beating up trade. Quick work, you know," Uncle Paul went on.

Tasker, who was slowly screwing some baked potato out of its jacket, remained gloomily silent.

"Might take Carl with you," persisted Uncle Paul. "Carl would be tickled to go, eh, Carl?"

Carl did not answer.

"Why, you don't go to school this afternoon. It's just the thing."

"Yes, I do," blurted Carl, turning red.

"Ho, ho!" exclaimed his uncle.

"Punishment?"

"I've got to clean up a mess," Carl mumbled.

"A mess? What was the game this time?"

"Why—they were all kicking it—"

"Football?" suggested Uncle Paul.

"Y—yes," replied Carl dubiously. "They got hold of it and began kicking it about the room before Mr. Flinders came in, and they broke it open."

"The ball?"

"N—no, the can. It was mine—I mean I was kind of dealing in it, and the stuff came out and messed up some benches; so Mr. Flinders said I was to come back this afternoon and clean them."

During the recital Carl kept darting nervous glances across at Tasker, but Tasker was listlessly poking at his potato skins and seemed not to be interested.

"H'm," Uncle Paul said thoughtfully. Then he switched back to Tasker. "Well, Task, boy, I see we'll have to go alone."

Tasker made no answer.

"I suppose that sale this morning brought in a little," Uncle Paul went on, "enough to pay the hire of the car?"

"I never said I made a sale this morning," replied Tasker impatiently.

Uncle Paul opened his eyes wide. "Why, no, Task, you never said so, now that I come to think. How stupid I'm getting!" And he thumped his head with his knuckles in a comical way that nearly made Carl laugh. But the laugh never came, for the next moment Uncle Paul had switched back again. "Now, Carl, what kind of juice was it came out of that can of yours?"

Carl hesitated. "Kind of sticky black stuff."

"And the janitor didn't offer to clean the benches?"

"Mr. Rumble? I should say not! He said it would take him more than half a day to scour them, and he hadn't time."

"What's that?" interposed Tasker, suddenly showing new interest in life. "Janitor wants to scour the benches, does he? Guess my One-Rub Scour will just about fix him. Oh, yes—say, schools use a lot of that kind of stuff, don't they? Good idea! Tell that teacher of yours I'll call on him this afternoon at two—no, I guess I'll go with you right now."

Tasker gave the ring on his little finger a quick turn, then jumped up and ran to the sample room. Carl followed and started to make excuses. But it was of no use. Tasker's business mind was made up, and soon Carl found himself walking to school at Tasker's side, feeling like a criminal in charge of his warden. His thoughts were occupied with two things. What was the best way of telling the unsuspecting Tasker about the lost red can? And what was the best way of telling Mr. Flinders about Tasker? He knew that Mr. Flinders was not attending the teachers' meeting.

When they reached the steps of the main entrance of the school he had found no best way, or even a second-best way. The classroom door was open; the room was empty. Tasker stalked in first and planked the sample bag on the teacher's desk. Then he followed Carl down the row of desks to three of the back benches that were plentifully spotted with a shiny tar-like substance. He began to examine them with the air of an expert. Meanwhile Carl looked on, trying hard to make up his mind to explain all about it. Strange to say, Tasker made no mention of "Stay-Put." He was still bending over the benches, probing the sticky substance with his jack-knife, when in walked Mr. Flinders followed by Mr. Rumble, the janitor, looking grim and carrying an armful of scouring paraphernalia—rags, waste, cans of powder and paste, a bottle of kerosene and a squirt can of gasoline.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" the principal of the school said to Tasker.

"My card," replied Tasker, presenting with a flourish the card of the Hoskins Farm Accessory Company.

"H'm!" said Mr. Flinders, reading the card. "Are you Carl Finch's brother?"

"Yes, sir, that's a fact," replied Tasker, beaming professionally. "Er—my young brother here informs me you are having trouble with—er—tar."

"Tar?" repeated Mr. Flinders. "Well, something of the kind," Tasker replied, smiling.

"What's the name of the stuff, Mr. Rumble?"

"Stay-Put," grunted the janitor. Carl felt hot all over; he knew he ought to have told his brother about the loss of the can. Yet he had been astonished to observe that so wide-awake a salesman had not recognized his own goods.

Tasker, who had turned rather red, stammered out a few words. Then he wheeled round to Carl and said, "Er—boy, just hand me the bag."

Carl had not been called "boy" before, but he was glad enough to obey. By the time he had handed up the sample bag Tasker had recovered his assurance.

"Now, sir," he said, making a sweeping gesture toward Mr. Rumble and his load of bottles and cans, "I see your friend has brought some of the old-fashioned scouring materials. If you will allow me, I will bring before your notice one of the latest things in that line, an entirely new scientific discovery, the famous One-Rub Scour. Science, gentlemen, is half the battle nowadays," he remarked as he opened the bag and took out a small can with a yellow label.

"Now, sir," he went on, "this is an entirely new line of goods. One of my clients, a large New York firm, considers it the finest scouring paste on the market. In fact I—er—use it myself. It will remove the most stubborn grease and oil spots in a few moments, practically with one rub, as the name suggests."

"Now, sir," he continued, waving his arm round in a wide sweep, "you have here a fine school. We are all proud of it. It is an honor to our town. I have noticed the fixings, and I find they are the best I have seen during my business experience. Now, sir, the One-Rub Scour is the best of its kind, and—er—that's half the battle. I am happy to make you a special offer of a one-dozen case for only ninety-nine cents."

During that striking example of "pushful" salesmanship in the presence of Mr. Flinders himself Carl's pride in his brother went up by leaps and bounds.

"Now, sir," continued Tasker. "If you will allow me to demonstrate—"

"Very well," said Mr. Flinders.

Tasker took off his coat, arranged it on a collapsible hanger that he drew from his pocket and hooked the hanger on the black-board. Then he rolled up his shirt sleeves, opened the can with a professional flourish and, taking some of the janitor's rags, began to rub vigorously. As he rubbed he talked—about the weather, the school, his own school days, and he made some jokes that Carl thought funny. But after five minutes of hard rubbing he began to lose his breath, and his remarks gradually ceased. Mr. Flinders left the room, but Mr. Rumble stood like a statue, grimly watchful.

When Mr. Flinders returned an hour and a half later Tasker was rubbing off the last spot of "Stay-Put," with a whole constellation of empty yellow cans scattered about him. He was no longer the smart-looking business man who had started the job. Hot, perspiring, breathless and with hands, face, shirt sleeves and collar all daubed over with the yellow paste, he seemed to Carl as if he had slipped back into the old Tasker of a week or two before.

"Well, Mr. Rumble," said the principal cheerfully, "have you come to any conclusions about this young man's paste? Would it be of any use to us?"

"No," said Mr. Rumble with a sniff, "no use at all."

"Then I am afraid, young man—" Mr. Flinders began.

But he never finished the sentence. Carl, who had watched the red-faced Tasker rubbing and panting for breath while over him loomed the gloomy, pitiless Mr. Rumble, could keep quiet no longer. "Mr. Rumble said it

would take him more than half a day to clean off the tar, and Tasker's only taken an hour and a half," the boy declared hotly.

"Is that so, Mr. Rumble?" asked the principal.

"I said the stuff's no good," replied the janitor in an irritated tone.

"Yes, but didn't you estimate half a day's work—"

"He did say it; I heard him," Carl broke in passionately. Then he began to explain some other things that he wanted Mr. Flinders to know. "Tasker only just started in business last week, and he hasn't made any sales yet. But he thought he might make a sale this morning so he'd have money to hire a car to make a business tour this afternoon, and I might go with him. And I only brought the can of roof tar to show it round the class to advertise it after Tasker told me—"

"I see, I see," said Mr. Flinders, stopping the torrent of words with an amused smile. "Now one thing at a time. We have put the One-Rub to a searching test, and I admit that it has cleaned the benches in less time than Mr. Rumble says he would have taken. I think it is worth the money. But you see I am not entitled to order One-Rub for the school; the superintendent looks to those

matters. Moreover, neither Carl nor Tasker is entitled to advertise it on these premises."

Tasker's jaw dropped, but Mr. Flinders turned and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Now, my friend," he said, "you have had very little experience as a salesman. But you will soon get more if you work for it as you have worked this afternoon. You will make a good business man in time. At present you are a beginner. Don't think it is a crime to be a beginner. Everyone has been a beginner at some time. It's not worth while pretending you're not." He turned to the small brother.

"Now, Carl, after what you have told me I propose to make my wife a present of your brother's One-Rub. So, Tasker, you may send her twelve cans at ninety-nine cents. And I should like to treat myself to a five-gallon can of your Stay-Put roof tar. I fancy it will be just the thing for my new garage. You could not have demonstrated better that it is worthy of its name."

"Say, that's not the way to sell things," said Tasker, recovering his dignity a little as he and Carl hurried out of the school grounds "telling him I was trying for a first order!"

"But I told the truth," protested Carl. "Yes, but you don't understand. It isn't salesmanship."

"But I sold the stuff, and that's salesmanship, isn't it?"

Tasker said nothing. He was looking intently across the road, whence the portly form of Uncle Paul was bearing down upon them.

When they met, Tasker wasted no time in reporting his first sale. He did not take all the credit to himself; in fact he said Carl had shown "a good deal of pep and push for a beginner," and he was already considering making his younger brother his "business partner."

Uncle Paul laughed heartily and gave Carl a complimentary thump on the shoulder.

"Great!" he exclaimed. "But, Task, boy," he said, seeing his nephew's glance wandering off to the public garage at the end of the block, "I wouldn't spend all the money on a car ride. Honest, I wouldn't. Now here's my proposition. Since you've made a sale, I'll stand treat for the car, and I'll drive you and your partner round to some farms, and—well, I might give you some pointers on the game as we go. What do you say?"

"All right," replied Tasker, turning red. "I reckon I don't know all about the art of salesmanship just yet."

GREAT AMERICAN ANIMALS I. THE AMERICAN BISON, AS HE IS TODAY



WE are asked to put the American bison on the map as he is today. In the first place we are at last able to say that as a species that great beast is no longer in danger of extermination by man or beasts or by the elements that make for

the destruction of wild animals. The men of the United States and Canada have, as effectively as was possible to them, atoned for the wicked slaughter that shocked the world from 1870 to 1884,—the period of organized extermination,—and that has kept it shocked ever since that bloody time. It was the wanton wastefulness of it all that struck people as particularly wicked and horrible.

In 1908, when we were laying siege to Congress for the creation of the Montana National Bison Range, at an initial cost of forty thousand dollars for land and a fence, at a very critical moment the conference committee of the House (in opposition) asked me doubtfully, "Will these proposed national buffalo herds yield any practical or economic benefits to the people of the United States?"

I replied with emphasis, "No. They will not. Their value will be wholly sentimental. They will represent the very least that we can do to atone for some of our sins against the bison millions of the past."

"Well," said the chairman after a short pause, "that is all right." And the bill passed.

Whenever a wild-animal species is at the point of extermination and disappearance its ability or inability to multiply and thrive in captivity becomes a matter of life or death for that species. The species that is ignorant and foolish, that is too fussy about its food and water and too nervous about its neighbors, is doomed to go down and out. We cannot coax or compel the wonderful pronghorned antelope to live, breed and mature in captivity, and so that species is likely to become extinct within fifty years from this date or less. The outlook is both discouraging and exasperating.

But the great American bison is different. He is an animal of steady nerves, serene temper, good appetite and persistent habits.

Although occasionally he fights and kills some other bison, or at long intervals a man, he flourishes mightily in captivity and believes in the survival of the fittest. In fact in comfortable captivity he breeds with wonderful persistence; and in the big national ranges wherein he roams and lives as a wild animal inbreeding has no bad effect upon him whatever. It is the domestic animals that suffer so much from inbreeding, by transmitting their weaknesses and diseases.

In 1887 the American bison species was at its lowest ebb, actually at the door of oblivion and ready to enter. Of the three and a half millions that were alive in the United States in 1870 there remained only two bands, consisting of two hundred in the Texas Panhandle and two hundred and fifty in the Yellowstone Park forests, at an elevation of seven



A BLACKFOOT LOVE STORY

thousand feet. In all Canada not one wild bison remained except some five hundred and fifty head in the wild and uninhabited region southwest of Great Slave Lake.

All the bison of the Texas Panhandle except the few caught alive by "Buffalo" Jones were killed for their hides before 1890. Of those in the Yellowstone Park, which had increased by 1890 up to nearly three hundred head, all except about thirty were slaughtered by rascally poachers for their skins and heads. There were two hundred and fifty-six bison in captivity, for breeding and exhibition, and these with five hundred and eighty in a wild state represented the entire remaining stock. The grand total was only eight hundred and eighty-two head. The Canadian remnant was in constant danger of extinction by wolves and Indians, and few persons believed that any members of it would long survive.

At this point we come to the history that tells how the American bison was saved. I will begin with the strangest story of all; and it happens to be a genuine love story.

Today the greatest herd of bison in the world is the Canadian national herd at Wainwright, Alberta, where about seven thousand, four hundred and eighty-nine head are kept in a huge buffalo park of one hundred and sixty square miles under fence. That great herd was founded away back in the seventies on the love of a young Flathead

By William T. Hornaday
Author of
American Natural History

Indian named Coyote for a Blackfoot Indian girl.

Coyote was an enterprising chap, and in a certain springtime he decided to make the journey from the Flathead country to the Blackfoot reservation, east of the Rockies, and pay a visit. On that reservation he fell in love with a Blackfoot maiden, and she fell in love with him. They were married; and then Coyote began to remember things. Finally he remembered that he had a wife back home, that it was against Flathead law to marry out of his tribe, and that it was against the law of the Jesuit fathers of the St. Ignace Mission for him to have more than one wife.

Now in that glorious springtime the Blackfoot Indians were gayly careering over the buffalo plains of the Cut Bank and the Milk River country, killing buffaloes on their summer range, drying meat and curing hides. Sandy-haired buffalo calves were plentiful and cheap. In the midst of Coyote's dilemma Mrs. Coyote No. 2 had a bright idea. She proposed that her people should catch some calves for her and her beloved Coyote to take back to the Flathead mission and give as a peace offering to the fathers. Around the mission the grazing was fine, said Coyote, and the beasts would multiply into a herd.

That plan was carried out. The labor of conveying those three obstreperous calves—a male and two females—through the Rocky

INTERFERENCE BY POLICE

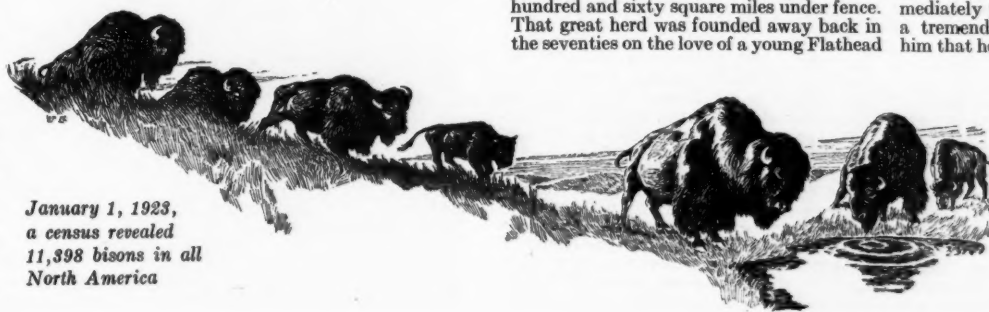


Mountains over a rough trail was incredible; but they persevered and finally, weary and travel-worn, reached the beautiful Flathead reservation. But alas! for the hardness of the human heart!

Instigated by the fathers at the mission, a squad of Indian police met Coyote, his bride and his embryo bison herd and immediately proceeded to inflict upon Coyote a tremendous thrashing. This so angered him that he changed his mind right speedily.

He did not bestow any buffalo calves upon the mission. He kept them himself, reared them and soon had a herd.

Presently Joseph Allard coveted those buffaloes, and Coyote sold to him about one half of them. Afterwards Allard bought the remainder. The grass of the Flathead range was fine and plentiful, and the herd rapidly increased. Presently Michel Pablo bought it from the



January 1, 1923,
a census revealed
11,398 bison in all
North America

Allard heirs, and finally he sold his entire holdings, of seven hundred head or so, to the Canadian government, which bought buffaloes not wisely but too well. Today the Canadian government has more buffaloes than it needs; and it is only a few old gray-beards like myself that know how the love of a wild Blackfoot girl and a tame Coyote from the Flatheads founded that mightiest of herds.

From 1880 onward several men of the United States, one Texas woman and one man in Canada were wise and energetic in the matter of catching or buying buffalo calves for breeding purposes. The most famous of them was C. J. Jones ("Buffalo" Jones) of Garden City, Kansas, who made two exciting and adventurous trips to the Texas Panhandle, where he caught a lot of calves and—wonder of wonders!—seven adult cows! The calves lived, thrived and multiplied. All seven of the cows fought, bled and died on the road from the Panhandle to Garden City.

In the Panhandle Mrs. Charles Goodnight proposed to her husband to capture some calves and found a herd—which they did. For a number of years Mr. Goodnight carried on crossbreeding experiments on his cattle-buffalo ranch and produced a number



THE SURVIVORS

of "cataloes"; but unsurmountable difficulties developed that effectually prevented the realization of the Goodnight-Jones ambition to breed into range cattle a hardy strain of bison blood. Now all those efforts have been abandoned as impracticable.

In South Dakota, near Pierre, "Scotty" Phillips gathered young buffaloes and founded a herd that now contains about six hundred head. At the Manitoba Penitentiary near Winnipeg Warden Bedson started a herd, but when it began to assume serious proportions he sold it to "Buffalo" Jones. Mr. Jones once assured me that all the captive bison now alive in North America have descended from a total wild catch of fifty-six head.

Meanwhile, what has been happening to the wild nucleus of thirty head in the Yellowstone Park in 1895 and the five hundred or more in the far north of Canada? Contrary to all expectations, the Yellowstone Park remnant has actually survived and increased in a wild state to about one hundred head. In the north an equally surprising thing has happened.

Directly south of Great Slave Lake and extending down to the Peace River, half in Northwest Territory and half in Alberta, is the long pear-shaped range of two herds of the so-called wood bison. This animal is often classed as a sub-species of the southern bison. Mr. Maxwell Graham of the Canadian government has by long personal investigation just now established the fact that the northern herd contains five hundred bison or more, and the southern herd one thousand or more. All these animals now are rigidly protected by the Canadian Mounted Police from all killing by man; and the fear that the wolves were killing the calves almost as fast as they are born proves to have been groundless. All this is good news, and to the wood bison of Canada we wish long life and prosperity.

But even with six hundred and eighty wild bison in 1896 and several hundred head in captivity in the hands of private individuals the friends of the bison held that the future of the species was not thoroughly secure.

All the wild ones might be killed by poachers, and those in captivity were constantly subject to epidemic diseases, dispersal by sale and slaughter. It was decided that the most perfect security against extinction would be found in a number of widely-separated herds, grazing in huge natural ranges, securely fenced against wolves and poachers and owned by the national government.

As a start the New York Zoological Society said to Congress: "We will give you a nucleus herd of fifteen fine bison, delivered on the ground, if you will make a fenced range of fourteen square miles in the Wichita National Forest in southwestern Oklahoma and maintain the herd."

"Done!" said Congress. "Here is fifteen thousand dollars for the fences and the buffalo warden's residence."

The fifteen animals were delivered there in 1907. Now the herd numbers one hundred and forty-six head of extra-fine bison, and some are being given away to municipal zoos.

Three went in December to the new National Zoological Park at Mexico City.

Next in order the American Bison Society offered to Congress a gift herd of not fewer than twenty animals if Congress would appropriate forty thousand dollars to create the Montana National Bison Range of eighteen square miles on the Northern Pacific Railway sixty miles west of Missoula. It was a glorious situation; and the rich and succulent grass was a foot high. Congress accepted the offer and handsomely performed the governmental part. In 1909 the Bison Society raised ten thousand dollars, purchased thirty-seven fine and lusty bison from the Conrad herd at Kalispell, Montana, and delivered them at the range. This herd never has lost a bison by sickness, never has been fed on hay and now numbers five hundred and fifty-nine head.

Next came the Wind Cave Park National herd in South Dakota, founded by the gift of fourteen animals from the New York Zoological Park herd. After that came the Niobrara herd.

The very first national bison herd was that started by the writer in the National Zoological Park at Washington in 1889. The largest one today is that in the Yellowstone National Park, founded through the efforts of "Buffalo" Jones. The latter was placed under fence in Lamar Valley, but later on a show herd of large bulls was established in a small range at the Mammoth Hot Springs, where it could be seen by all visitors to the park. The Yellowstone Park herd as a whole now contains about six hundred head.

Four years ago the size of that herd had reached such proportions that the superintendent of the park, Mr. Horace M. Albright, decided that a number of surplus bulls might be set free and permitted to join the all-wild herd of one hundred head. Accordingly a delegation was selected, driven out of the range gate and told to go in peace. It seemed as if they had heard the call of the wild, for they solemnly marched away into the forest-clad hills and disappeared.

In a short time those free bulls began to feel homesick. They found that liberty was not all that it was cracked up to be. The business of earning their own living all alone had its disadvantages. Back they all marched to the gate of the range and asked to be relected to membership. When driven away again they again returned, and finally it was admitted that those bulls either could not or would not hear the call of the wild.

This enables me to say (quite spitefully) to certain detractors of zoological parks, "I



THE BISON'S TEMPERAMENT

told you so! I told you that captive wild animals often are happier and better off in life than those that are wild and hourly compelled to struggle for food, water and safety."

No; there is no money to be made now in breeding buffaloes in captivity for sale or for meat. The cost of hay and help are too high. All the large zoological parks and gardens, and many small ones also, are well stocked, and the buffalo market is flat. There are hundreds and hundreds of bison for sale in the West. Many have been sold in the East at one hundred dollars a head plus the cost of the crates. A few big herds have sold at high prices, but now the demand is small, and such sales never again will occur. Now is the time for every American city worthy of a charter to spunk up and install in its most popular park a trio of bison for public exhibition. The cost is trifling, and the people like to see them.

Yes; buffalo beef tastes and looks so much like domestic beef of the same age that no man can tell the difference by taste alone; but buffalo meat is not elegantly "marbled" with delicious marrow-like fat, as good domestic beef is—which is a loss in value.

Mr. M. S. Garretson, Secretary of the American Bison Society, has again made a census of the living bison, this time as of January 1, 1923. It reveals a total of 11,398 head for all North America, of which 3554 are captive in the United States, and the remainder of 7844 are in captivity in Canada. The number of calves born in 1922 was about fifteen hundred.

The intelligence and temperament of the great American bison is not to be ignored. Therein lies sometimes the difference between life and death. In the days of the great wild herds and the universal feeling of personal security that a vast mass of other animals always imparts the wild buffalo was a careless, unsuspicious and seemingly

stupid animal, so easily approached and shot that there was little sport in hunting it. This engendered a reputation for natural stupidity that was not deserved. Toward the close of wild-herd life the last survivors learned that man is their deadly foe, and that every man seen either near or far must be fled from until he is miles behind. They learned to hide in bad-lands, foothills and mountains like hunted bear. Their eyesight proved to be good and keen.

Such were the bison that we found in the bad-lands of Montana between the Yellowstone and the Missouri River in 1886. We got our quota of fine specimens for the United States National Museum, but believe me! we hunted and worked for them until we earned each one of them. They were as wild and wary as the wildest deer or mountain sheep.

BUFFALO HORN

Chapter Five
The plotters

By Frank C. Robertson

IN a moment I was wide-awake. The night was not extremely dark, and I heaved a sigh of relief as I recognized Leander bending over me with his hand on my mouth.

"Make no noise," he whispered, taking his hand away.

"What is it, the Nez Percés?" I asked.

"No. Come and bring your rifle. We must get outside the lines without being challenged."

Leander led the way on hands and knees through the maze of tents; I following as stealthily as I could. In the centre of the camp a huge bonfire was kept blazing; there lay the wounded and the bodies of the dead. Four soldiers were on sentry duty near the fire, but things were peacefully quiet; the voices of the sentinels were untroubled.

There were no fires on the outskirts of the camp, but almost constantly came the staccato challenge of some nervous sentinel. The sharp, strident tones of the men showed that they were alert and watchful. And with the crafty Nez Percés about they had need to be! It was through that line of sentinels that we had to crawl. For once I doubted Leander's ability.

The old mountaineer halted. "Stay here," he told me crisply. "I'll crawl up the line a ways an' create a disturbance that'll fetch this closest feller a-runnin'. As soon as he starts away you make a run for it."

"But how will you get across?" I whispered.

"I'll make it some way," he said. "You keep a-goin' till you reach a clump o' cedars down this gully a piece an' wait for me there." He was gone as silently as a ghost.

I waited breathlessly for five or ten min-

utes, though it seemed much longer. I had begun to think that something had happened to my old friend when suddenly there was a tremendous snorting and the noise of breaking bushes in the direction in which he had gone.

"It's a b'ar—I saw him a-runnin'!" yelled a sentinel.

Instantly the man closest to me broke and ran toward the sounds, as Leander had guessed that he would do. I knew the old mountaineer's ability to imitate wild animals, and I had no doubt that it was he that was making the noise. But another sentinel came near spoiling our plan. As he ran he yelled: "I'll bet it's a Injun! It's a Injun! Lemme git a shot at 'im."

In the excitement I came near forgetting what I was to do. I was afraid that Leander was getting into serious trouble, and, if he were to be shot or caught, I did not know what I was supposed to do. But second thought told me I could do no good where I was, so I gripped my rifle and ran.

After I had run a couple of hundred yards I slowed down to a walk and was soon among the cedars that Leander had indicated. Rifle shots behind me did not add to my peace of mind. For a while it seemed as if the whole camp had been aroused; but presently things quieted down, and soon afterward Leander came strolling toward me, as serene and unruffled as a summer morning.

"I was afraid you'd got caught or hurt," I remarked.

"That blamed fool who thought I was a Injun almost done for me," Leander admitted. "I was lopin' along on all fours with a blanket over my back to look natural as a

He began to chant a prophecy

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON



b'ar when he hollered without seein' me. I was goin' to pertend to be huntin' the b'ar as soon as they see it was a b'ar, but after he hollered I dassn't raise up, or they'd have shot me fer a Injun. Danged ticklish position." Leander chuckled.

"But how did you get out," I demanded. "I sneaked back to our bed an' waited till them sentries got together an' commenced argufyin' whether it was a Injun or a b'ar." Despite his commonplace account I knew that he had been in grave danger.

"I reckon we can talk now without bein' overheard," the old mountaineer went on. "I wouldn't have routed you out of your bed if it hadn't been absolutely necessary."

"That's nothing: I'm always ready to go," I said boastfully. "Cunnin' ham went out o' camp right after dark apparently to scout aroun' on the Nez Percés. Then a while ago Buffalor Horn dragged out of his blankets like a snake an' slipped through the lines. He was travelin' light, so I figure he 'spects to meet somebody an' have a powwow an' git back in here before he's missed. If there's a powwow goin' on, we've got to be present. I wouldn't have bothered you if I could understand their lingo."

"The only question is, can we find them?" I said.

"We can't tell till we try," Leander answered. "All we kin do is foller the natural trail fer 'em to take."

"Which is in what direction?"

"They wouldn't cross the river, an' a Injun is too lazy to climb very high up the mountain. A party of soldiers are herdin' the horses down the river, so it leaves just one direction for 'em to take. There's a trail leadin' that way, an' I figger we'll find somethin' if we foller it."

We hurried along cautiously; Leander as usual made no sound. I had copied his methods so long that I too was able to move silently. I quickly noticed that we were on the trail that I had come by when the Nez Percés had captured me.

Suddenly Leander stopped, and, peering round him in the gloom, I made out the grotto where I had hidden my horses.

"I'm dead sure they're in there, but how we're to git in close enough to hear I can't figger out," Leander said.

I remembered that there had been a narrow crevice almost like a shaft between two of the huge boulders that made part of the wall, and it occurred to me that possibly I could let myself down in it until I was within a few feet of the ground. There I should be out of sight and still be able to hear every word that was said. For a long time everything that I had undertaken had failed. Here was a chance to redeem myself!

Leander started on to reconnoitre, and I quietly dropped behind without telling him of my intentions. As soon as he was out of sight I hurriedly climbed to the shaft above the grotto. Pressing my ear to the top of the rock, I could hear the indistinct murmur of voices below but could not distinguish a word. I was sure, however, that they were speaking Shoshone. I found that the shaft was not more than three feet across, and the surface was so rough that I could get hand and foot holds. I began to descend.

I had to leave my rifle, for the slightest mistake would send me hurtling into the very midst of the plotters. I had no trouble until I was down about fifteen feet; then the crevice suddenly widened so that I could not reach from side to side; nor could I get any more holds.

I could hear enough now to know that the men were speaking Shoshone, but I could not gather the sense of the guttural tones.

Perhaps ten feet below me the crevice narrowed again, and there was a shelf nearly two feet wide. I could easily drop to it, but once down there I should have to stay. The only way to get out was to go on down through the grotto. Certainly that was impracticable until the enemy had gone. I wished I had told Leander of my plan.

It was too late now to try to find the old mountaineer; besides, I was consumed with curiosity to know what was being said beneath me. I dropped.

A peculiar twist in the rock, which I had not reckoned on, placed me in full view of the men below. I waited breathlessly, but was soon convinced that they had not heard me. During the night I should be safe, but as soon as daylight came the men would be

sure to see me if they were still there. But the first words I heard caused me to forget my predicament.

"The graybeard and the white papoose with the red skin shall die! I, Buffalo Horn, have spoken."

"It is well. Had not the heart of a Nez Percé chieftain been soft as the mushroom, the pale-faced papoose would have gone to join his fathers before this," came a high, snarling voice that I knew well. It was that of Too-hul-hul-suit, holy man of the Nez Percés.

"Why does the war chief of the Nez Percés release prisoners when he leads his people against the whites?" Buffalo Horn demanded harshly.

"The spirit of Joseph is behind a cloud," Too-hul-hul-suit responded. "He is a woman. Though his heart is filled with bitterness against the whites, he shrinks from the sight of blood. He thinks more of getting his people to a land of safety than of avenging their wrongs. Yet he loves his home better than all, and if my son, the great war chief of the Bannocks, brings his many warriors to join the Nez Percés among the rivers that are lost, then will the heart of Joseph be made strong. And the spirits of the dead will come to make us all strong. I, Too-hul-hul-suit, have spoken."

"It is good. The Bannocks and the Shoshones will be there," Buffalo Horn said. "A white papoose with a red skin shall not betray us again!" he added fiercely.

"But my son failed once," the medicine man said. "I told Joseph that my medicine [said the great chief of the Bannocks would come with a war belt. He did not come."

"I bring a war belt now."

"But how will the warriors know when to come?" Too-hul-hul-suit objected. "My son says that, if he leaves the white army now, Howard will listen to the words of the graybeard, and the plan will fail. Soldiers will disarm my son's people before the Nez Percés can reach the lost rivers."

"The white man will carry word to my people to gather in the mountains between the lost rivers," Buffalo Horn explained. "He will say that, if Too-hul-hul-suit's strong medicine tells him the spirits of the dead are on the way to fight for their earth children, the horns of the Buffalo shall tell them so. I shall stay with the white soldiers so that they will fear nothing from my people until they shall fall into the trap."

"The plan is good, but I distrust white men," the medicine man said.

"My father has nothing to fear," Buffalo Horn assured the holy man. "This white man, whose Indian name is Ovapuh, is known to Bearskin, to Nampuh and to Tageel, who are the most influential chiefs."

For many minutes there was no sound; apparently Too-hul-hul-suit was deliberating upon the matter. When he did speak it was explosively:

"It is good. Smahollah has said that the spirits do not come back unless the red men unite. Let the white man start in the morning. Tonight I go back to the camp of the Nez Percés with a promise that the whites shall be driven across the great mountains."

Gradually the voice of the medicine man lifted, and he began to chant a prophecy of what the Indians would do to the whites. One thing that was perfectly clear was that the dead Indians who were coming back to fight would not be guilty of any such foolishness as Joseph had been guilty of when he turned me loose. It seemed to me that the medicine man raved on for hours. I began to grow nervous, for the dawn was already giving warning of its approach.

I remembered that Buffalo Horn had to get back through the lines without being detected, but that grain of comfort vanished as soon as Too-hul-hul-suit finished his harangue and took his departure.

"I go now to the camp of the soldiers," Buffalo Horn said, addressing Cunningham. "Do you remain here until the sun tops the trees. Then will one of my young men come with extra horses and food."

"Good," Cunningham grunted. I heard Buffalo Horn slip out, and a moment later I caught Cunningham's contented sigh as he settled himself in the niche at the bottom of the crevice. My one possible way of escape was cut off.

TO BE CONTINUED.



That Million Dollar Boy of Yours

Much of your boy's future depends on how well you build his body now. For without health and strength, early manhood will find him handicapped.

He must have whole grains. He must have calcium to build bone. He must have vitamins.

* * *

Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Airy grains of nut-like flavor, steam exploded to eight times their normal size, with food cells broken for quick digestion.

The wheat supplies the calcium. Also the needed bran. The milk, all three vitamins.

So here is the ideal food. And best of all, good food in a form that children love: luscious and enticing.

As a food for brain workers, too, it stands without compare, supplying quick nutrition without imposing on digestion — an ideal bedtime dish.

Quaker Puffed Rice

Kernels of rice, steam exploded like Puffed Wheat. Each grain an adventure, delicious and enticing. The daintiest of breakfast dishes.

Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, are the famed inventions of Professor Anderson — foods shot from guns, the most thoroughly cooked grain foods known.

Quaker
Puffed Wheat



Quaker
Puffed Rice



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The shrine doors ajar, showing the sarcophagus of Tutankhamun

FACT AND COMMENT

YOUR FRIENDS do not need explanations, and your enemies will not believe them.

The Early Sower will not need to borrow Of Him who plans to sow his Field Tomorrow.

IT IS CURIOUS that until Woodrow Wilson was buried in the crypt of the unfinished Episcopal Cathedral at Washington no President of the United States had ever been buried at the national capital, just as none before Mr. Wilson had made Washington his home after leaving office.

THE NEW GAS MASK devised by the Chemical Warfare Service has advantages that will appeal to the men who had to wear the uncomfortable masks of the Great War. It is light, roomy, has no tube to put into the mouth, no clips for the nose, and the wearer can talk and make himself understood. It can be worn for many hours without inconvenience.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT in England is establishing new social standards. Invitations to an official reception given recently by the wife of a member of the new Labor Cabinet informed the guests that they might come in their working clothes if they wished to. The reception lasted only till half-past ten o'clock in the evening; there were no intoxicants; and many of the guests arrived and departed by omnibus or other public conveyance.

IN EXTREME DEPRESSION or in extreme prosperity children tend to leave school and go to work. In one case poverty is the cause, in the other a chance to earn high wages. The Supreme Court has held that under our constitution Congress has no power to regulate the labor of children. The matter rests with the states, not half of which have adequate laws on the subject. Recent statistics show that during the past year child labor has been increasing.

TEA AND COFFEE are commodities that seem to be growing in popularity. With the report that the American people are using more coffee now than ever before comes the announcement from England that the British people have never bought so much tea. Last year they used eleven pounds of tea per capita, and Americans used thirteen pounds of coffee. Drinking tea or coffee is as much a social as a personal habit and of late years has been stimulated by extensive advertising.

TRACKLESS TROLLEY BUSES are not new, for they have been the subject of experiment for many years, and improvements in the design of the cars have met most of the objections to earlier systems. On Staten Island the trackless trolley that began to run in 1921 has proved satisfactory. The commission in charge reports that it has many advantages over previous transportation service, and that the running cost is only some twenty-five cents a mile for each car, as compared with thirty-three cents a mile for a gasoline omnibus of the same capacity over the same roads. The cost

includes everything—interest on the first cost of the investment, depreciation, maintenance, power, labor and administration.

THE SEPULCHRE OF KING TUT

WHEN the sculptured lid of King Tutankhamun's great stone sarcophagus was raised the twentieth century looked for a moment on the buried majesty of more than three thousand years ago. To judge from the reports that come from Luxor the sight was astonishing. The mummy case is of shining plates of gold, sculptured in relief to express in conventional form the features and dress of the dead king within. It is nearly nine feet long, and the extraordinary richness of the covering explains the pertinacity with which the grave-robbers of the past have searched out and stripped all the royal tombs that have hitherto been discovered.

The surpassing interest of the discoveries that Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Carter made lies in the fact that of all the tombs in which the Pharaohs of the great age lie buried that of Tutankhamun is the only one that has been found intact. All the others have been spoiled by generations of thieves of everything that could be turned into money. For the first time we are privileged to know exactly with what ceremonies and in what manner the sovereigns of Egypt were interred. Last year we spoke of the interesting discoveries in the antechamber of the tomb, of the remarkable collection of articles of daily use, of kingly ceremonial and of artistic beauty that were found there. The present discoveries in the burial chamber itself are still more fascinating. The great coffin of sculptured sandstone inclosed within four successive shrines of gorgeously-decorated wood and bronze, the embroidered pall that covered the inner shrine,—much decayed indeed but still striking in its beauty,—and finally the wonderful gold-clad mummy of the king himself are things to spur the imagination of anyone who reads of them. It is perhaps the most brilliant find that any archaeologist has ever made in Egypt.

As this article is written the examination of the tomb has come to a stop—only for a time, it is to be hoped. The new independent government of Egypt, of which Zaghlul Pasha is the head, has had a misunderstanding with Mr. Carter. Apparently it meant to obstruct his work and to annul the contract by which the objects found in the tomb were to be divided between the museum at Cairo and the discoverers. At any rate the Egyptian functionaries interfered to such an extent that Mr. Carter closed the tomb rather than go on under such annoyances as he had to bear. Then the Egyptian government took possession of the tomb and put the officials of its own department of antiquities in charge. The "nationalism" of the party now in control in Cairo is of the inflated sort that is suspicious and hostile to all outsiders and is especially averse to letting any valuable antiquities go to European or American museums. No doubt that mood will pass; perhaps by the time this article is printed the trouble will have smoothed over. Whatever happens, the world has had its glimpse of King Tut, buried in all his glory, and has had a fresh lesson in the grandeur and richness of that wonderful civilization which passed away so many centuries ago.

PRESIDENT AND SENATE

THOUGH the English common law and English political experience lie at the foundation of many of our institutions and practices, there is one important field in which we have parted company with British example. Our constitutional theory is quite different from that of Great Britain. Owing to the circumstances under which our constitution was adopted, ours is a federal system, under which the authority of the national government is expressly limited; and owing to the popularity of French philosophy and French political theory in 1787 the fathers of our government deliberately rejected the parliamentary system as it had grown up in England. They followed the advice of Montesquieu and put the executive, the legislature and the judiciary into separate, and, as nearly as possible, "water-tight," compartments. Every once in a while something happens that dramatically reveals that fact.

Following, no doubt, the instinctive tendency of the race mind that invented the parliamentary system, our Congress from time to time tries to exert some sort of authority over the President. Occasionally also a strong President, irritated at the hostility of Congress to his policies, attempts to exercise extraconstitutional pressure either on House or on Senate or on both. Sometimes the efforts meet with more or less temporary success. Oftener they fail. The Constitution so far has had vitality enough to resist such assaults.

The latest object lesson in constitutional law is afforded by President Coolidge's reply to the Senate resolution advising him to require the Secretary of the Navy to resign. In Great Britain or in France or in any other country in which the executive power is responsible to parliament such a resolution would have been equivalent to a command. Secretary Denby would have had to go, and very likely all the rest of the Cabinet would have had to go with him. It would have been of no consequence whether or not any fault or failure could be proved against him in connection with the leases of government oil lands. The fact would remain that he had "lost the confidence" of one house of the Congress, and that would have been enough.

But the Secretary of the Navy is not responsible to Congress; he is an assistant to the President in the discharge of the President's executive functions. Congress can impeach him, as it can impeach the President, if it believes him to be corrupt or disregarding of the law, but in no other way can it dismiss him from office. President Coolidge lost no time in making the fact clear. He told the Senate that it was his business and his alone to dismiss a Cabinet officer and added in effect that he should not dismiss Mr. Denby unless he was satisfied that he had in some way failed of his duty.

On the point of law the President was clearly right—so undeniably right that no one either in the Senate or outside it ventured to argue the point. In the end, however, what the Senate wanted happened, for Mr. Denby resigned his portfolio on February 18 in order to relieve the President of the embarrassment that he might cause him by remaining in office under the expressed disapproval of the upper house of Congress.

WRINKLES

WRINKLES! What a word! All the play of breeze-whipped water and of life-tormented faces has gone into it. Wrinkles are the handwriting of life. The wrinkled faces are those that have lived most, at any rate with most intense sensibility and ardor. Quick hope, earnest effort, vivid response of love and hate and eager longing and curiosity and gayety, all impress themselves on the plastic tablet of the countenance. When you see a smooth, round, unwrinkled face at fifty you may guess that there is a placid, perhaps emotionless, perhaps stolid, soul behind it. You may not always be right, but the chances are with you.

Generally speaking, women wrinkle more than men. The reason is obvious. Look at any mixed company of men and women anywhere and you will see it. By comparison the men's faces are unmoved. They do not laugh unless they see something to laugh at. Women smile for kindness, for company, through embarrassment—it sometimes seems for nothing at all. And smiling, though it is a charming habit, makes wrinkles.

If you want to avoid wrinkles, live as little as possible. There are all sorts of artificial preventives and remedies, but the natural method is by far the best. Keep out of the press and fury of human passion. Eat moderately, sleep regularly, get plenty of fresh air and exercise in quiet ways, don't think and don't feel, and you may avoid wrinkles.

The question is whether it is worth while to avoid them in that way. After all, an unwrinkled heart is better than an unwrinkled face. And, strange to say, living is just the thing that saves the heart from wrinkles. Love and sympathy and a quick and eager perception of the joys and sorrows of others as well as your own keep the heart mobile and flexible and elastic, so that it does not stiffen into the hard, harsh folds and creases that make the real ugliness of age. You may say that the wrinkles of the heart are not seen, but they are. Gentleness, kindness, gayety—those things not only show that the

heart is unwrinkled but help to keep it so. And surely they make it worth our while to try to have an unwrinkled heart as long as we live.

LEGISLATING FOR FARMERS

AMID the noise and excitement that have attended the charges and the revelations concerning the leases of oil lands, the eager discussion of Presidential possibilities and party prospects and the warm debate over the various plans for reducing taxes, attention has been diverted from the proposed legislation to help the farmers.

There are two plans that sooner or later will come before Congress. One, the Norris-Sinclair bill, seems to have been drawn with a view to establishing a permanent policy of government aid in marketing farm products; the other, the McNary bill, said to have the approval of the Secretary of Agriculture, provides merely for the present emergency.

The Norris-Sinclair bill proposes that the government appropriate \$100,000,000 to float a government-owned corporation that shall buy and sell wheat, corn, live stock and other farm produce. It is expected that the corporation would increase its resources by borrowing other millions. The bill specifies its aim, which is to eliminate the commissions and charges that increase the cost of the producer's goods before they reach the consumer and to provide a wider market for the sale of agricultural products. It appears to offer no other relief than substituting government ownership or control for private enterprise in marketing farm produce. The proposed corporation would have no other means of extending the market than private dealers have; and it is a serious question whether such a corporation, managed as government enterprises usually are managed, would find its operating charges any smaller than the commissions that farmers have to pay now. If its effect should be to encourage the wheat farmers to produce wheat for export without giving careful consideration to the size of the available foreign demand, it would be unfortunate; and we believe that any plan to put the national government permanently into the business of buying and selling goods of any sort would be a mistake. In that we think we express the opinion of a large majority of Americans, though not of all.

The McNary plan is too complicated to be fully described in the space at our disposal. It undertakes to establish farm prices at the ratio they bore to the general price level before the war and to hold them there either for ten years or until natural forces restore them to that ratio. The bill provides that the tariff shall be fixed at a point that will keep out imports of agricultural products, and that an export commission shall buy whatever surplus of any crop there is above what can be sold at the established price and sell it abroad at whatever price can be got for it. That might or might not bring a considerable financial loss; it would of course depend on the amount of the surplus. But the loss would have to be met by general taxation; the farmer would not have to stand it in lower prices for what he produces.

There is one difficulty that we might have to face: the government would be "dumping" its surplus abroad in order to keep up the price at home, a practice for which manufacturers who have followed it have always been condemned. Most countries have laws to protect themselves from the practice, for it tends to break down the prices that their own citizens who are producing the same things can get. It is possible therefore either that we should find ourselves forbidden to sell our wheat at all in Europe or else that we should expose ourselves to irritating measures of retaliation.

To correct economic conditions by legislation is never easy and is usually possible only at the cost of creating other conditions that may turn out to be just as annoying.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY

THE authors whom we most frequently quote, whether consciously or unconsciously, are undoubtedly the makers of proverbs. Their sayings may be either spontaneous flashes of wit uttered by some Sancho Panza or Mrs. Poyser, or the painstaking work of sages like La Rochefoucauld who, when they have passed the peak of life, delight to carve guideposts for the

direction of those who are still diverting themselves on its sunny upward slopes. In their youth men do not make proverbs, much less pay heed to them. They are then occupied in the vigorous exercise of those wise or foolish qualities upon which they will moralize in their years of senectitude.

You would think that, being the fruit of long experience, proverbs would contain the very essence of truth, as clear, compact and unquestionable as the golden rule; but they seldom do. Most of them, especially those of the popular kind, such as "The early bird catches the worm," are as ambiguous as the old Greek oracles. Take them literally and they may lead you to the very destruction that you seek to avoid. From the point of view of a literal-minded worm what could be more reprehensible than to fashion such a proverb as the one just quoted? It purports to show the advantage of early rising in general, but the worm whose uneasy conscience should impel him to obey the injunction would presently find himself in the tritulating gizzard of a bird. Thus the worm has the same just grievance against the proverb-maker that Croesus had against the Delphic oracle that kept the word of promise to his ear but broke it to his hope.

It appears, therefore, that proverbs should not always be taken at their face value. It may be said of them, indeed, as Shakespeare said of jests, that their prosperity lies in the ears of those that hear them. A well-seasoned proverb will serve a wise man to his advantage, but it is likely to answer a fool according to his folly and to betray him into unimagined difficulties. One executive finds that in a multitude of counsellors there is safety; another that they are the plague of his life. Perhaps after all the double-edged proverb lives so hardily because men are not all alike. What is wisdom in some is foolishness in others. In short, it is the character of the man that proves the accuracy of the proverb, not the proverb that determines the wisdom of the man.

tion there are animals and flowers carved in limestone or beaten in metal, and the floor and columns are decorated in mosaic work that shows to what a point art and craftsmanship had arrived even so many centuries ago. The date of the temple is fixed by a little gold bead that was found in the debris and that bears the name of A-An-Ni-Pad-Da, the builder.

SEPARATISTS and nationalists have again fallen to fighting in the region west of the Rhine. This time the skirmish occurred at Pirmasens in the "Palatinate," which is attached to the kingdom of Bavaria, although separated from it by the territories of Württemberg and Baden. So far every attempt to arouse the particularist sentiment in those frontier provinces of the German Reich has failed. In the clash at Pirmasens the separatists were outnumbered and crushed, and the town hall in which they had barricaded themselves was burnt down. The Bavarians are determined not to dissociate themselves from the German nation, all the more because they confidently look forward to seeing their own king sooner or later set upon the imperial throne.

THE Third Socialist International at Moscow is not deterred from expressing its low opinion of the British Labor government by that government's recognition of the Soviet Republic. It has issued a characteristically inflammatory appeal to the British "proletarians" urging them to spurn the Labor party, which has accepted office under a "capitalistic" constitution, and which hesitates to declare a revolution and exterminate the "bourgeois." The document declares that the immediate and complete independence of Ireland, India and Egypt is indispensable and advises the British workmen to force the government at once to grant liberal credits to help Russia in nationalizing its mines and railways and to give labor absolute control of all sources of production.

MEANWHILE the Liberal leaders have given warning to Premier MacDonald that they cannot follow him in courses that the Liberal party considers as unwise. The occasion was the conduct of Mr. Wheatley, the Minister of Health, in assuring the guardians of one of the water-side districts of London that they might grant unemployment relief at their own discretion, and that the government would foot the bill without asking any questions. To that indorsement of a blank check Mr. Asquith could not agree, and he said so bluntly. The Labor government is not likely to make that the issue on which it will go down to defeat.—Premier MacDonald has already set in motion the machinery for presenting to the League of Nations a demand that Germany be admitted to membership. France will oppose the demand until it is convinced that the German government is carrying out in good faith its engagements under the Treaty of Versailles.—A serious strike of dock workers gave the country much inconvenience and the government some uneasiness, but it seems at the time of writing to be in a fair way of settlement.

WASHINGTON was deeply stirred by the accidental shooting of Senator Greene of Vermont by a Volstead law-enforcement officer who was chasing some suspected bootleggers in an automobile. The incident impressed on the public the scandalous condition that exists in the national capital with respect to the observance and the enforcement of the prohibitory law. There has been open defiance of the law by persons of no little influence and a corresponding arrogance on the part of the lawbreakers who have liquor to sell. In the attempt to break up the traffic the officials have little by little found themselves led into methods that remind the observer of those adopted by vigilance committees against the gunmen of the mining camps. There has been gun-play on both sides, and now a Senator has been shot down as he was walking peacefully along the sidewalk. Open violation of the prohibitory law must and will be stopped in Washington; but it ought to be done without quite so much promiscuous shooting.



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Are you men interested in pitching horse shoes, in making bird houses for your children, in making a lattice for your veranda? Are you women interested in gardening and spring cleaning? If you are, read the Family Page in our next number.

All of you, boys and girls, men and women, will find something in the department pages to interest and benefit you.

CURRENT EVENTS

THE archaeologists are so busy now in every quarter of the globe that our heads are twisted dizzily from side to side in the effort to keep their discoveries in view. An expedition in which the University of Pennsylvania is interested together with the British Museum has just finished excavating at Tell El Obeid, only a little way from Ur of the Chaldees in lower Mesopotamia, a temple that the finders describe as the oldest known structure built by man. It is a temple built by a certain King A-An-Ni-Pad-Da of Ur and is believed to have been erected somewhere about four thousand five hundred years before Christ. The temple and the platform on which it stands are built skillfully and solidly of stone, and by way of ornament and symbolic decora-

CHILDREN'S PAGE



APRIL

By Pauline Frances Camp

*Some one's coming,
Blithe and bold,
Pockets filled
With meadow gold.
Flash of wing
And song of bird
Follow where
Her step is heard.*

*Some one's coming;
One who knows
Where the first
Wind flower blows,
How the robin
Learns his lilt,
Where the violet's
Blue is spilt.*

*April's coming!
She who brings
Tidings of
Sweet, growing things;
Lovely secrets
She'll disclose,
Things that only
April knows.*

WHAT AILED PETER

By Maud G. Booth

WHAT could have been the matter with Peter that morning! Patty was sure that she did not know, and she was quite as sure too that it was something that had never been the matter before. Every morning they had gone into the woods to play, but never before had Peter done a thing like this.

Peter and Patty had carried water in their pails to water their garden, as they called the little bed of wild flowers that they had found at the foot of a great tree; they had skipped stones across the pool and had picked up white pebbles to carry home for Aunt Martha's pansy bed.

Then just as Patty was reaching for a pinkish white pebble she heard her brother shout, "Ha! Ha! Now I've got you, and I shall keep you for a while." Looking up, she saw that Peter was holding a fat little frog by the leg.

"O Peter, don't!" said Patty. "I'm going to build a place for him to swim in," said Peter.

"But perhaps he doesn't feel like swimming," objected Patty.

"Oh, yes, he does," Peter assured her. "Frogs always feel like swimming. This one

will have to swim anyway; he's too little to jump far."

While he was talking Peter piled stones between two big rocks. Since he was holding the frog with one hand, he could only use the other hand for building the little wall, but he was working fast.

"Don't, Peter, please!" begged Patty again, and she looked at Peter as if she did not see how he could ever do such a dreadful thing.

Now just why it should make Peter feel cross to have her look at him in that way Patty could not understand, but it did make him feel very cross indeed. He kept on building.

"What do you suppose Mrs. Fairy Be-done-by-as-you-do would say if she could see you?" asked Patty. "Perhaps she would make you swim."

"Pooh!" said Peter. "There never was any such person as Mrs. Fairy Be-done-by-as-you-do; besides, she lived a long time ago anyway; and besides—" Peter talked so loud and so fast that Patty did not notice that he had contradicted himself. He always shouted when he was cross, and now he was growing crosser every minute. He was talking very loud indeed and waving both hands in the air. "Besides, it isn't—"

Then suddenly something happened. Peter's foot slipped on the wet rock; he

tried to hold himself on the other foot, but it was of no use. Splash! Peter and the frog were sitting together in the little pool. Peter was barefooted and was wearing his overalls, which would dry quickly, which was lucky for Peter. The frog, as soon as it struck the water, swam under a rock, which was lucky for the frog.

Peter was no longer cross; at least, he did not shout and wave his arms. He crawled out of the little pool, climbed up the bank and started for home.

Patty was really sorry for him. She tried not to think how funny he had looked when he sat down so suddenly. "Of course," she thought, "if the water had been deep, it wouldn't have been funny at all. But I am glad he didn't sit down on the frog."

For a little way she trotted along beside Peter, who was walking fast to get into the sunshine. Suddenly he stopped and muttered something to himself. Patty thought he said that he had forgotten something; so she watched him through the trees as he hurried back to the pool.



A PLAN Verse and Drawing by Peter Newell

"Oh, I should like," said Polly "And, if my visit seemed to please,
Ann, Perhaps the man would say,
"To be a toy balloon

"And make a call upon the man
Who lives up in the moon.
"Just have a bite, miss, of green
cheese
Before you sail away."



What could he have forgotten? They had brought their pails of pebbles with them, and Peter had not carried his shovel that morning. She saw him slide down the bank and take away the stones that he had piled between the big rocks; she saw him poke round in the water with a stick and then run down the stream a little way as if he were watching something.

When he came back to where Patty was standing she looked the other way. She did not ask Peter what it was that he had forgotten, and she did not say anything more about the frog, which shows that she was a wise little girl.

Peter picked up his pail, and as they went along home the only thing he said was, "Er—a—maybe there is such a person as Mrs. Fairy Be-done-by-as-you-do after all, Patty." And after that, whatever had been the matter with him that morning, nothing was the matter any more.

CARROTS AND CHOCOLATE CREAMS

By Jessie M. Lathrop

MISS ROSE WHITE and her mother had been invited to supper, and Jimmy and Miss Rose sat in the window seat talking while his mother was busy in the kitchen.

"Aren't you hungry?" Jimmy asked, "and don't things smell good?"

Miss Rose laughed. "I am hungry, Jimmy, and things certainly do smell good."

Jimmy sniffed. "That's chicken we smell; chicken and gravy and biscuit," he said.

Miss Rose laughed again. "I suppose you like chicken and gravy and biscuit better than anything else there is to eat," she said.

"Well," answered Jimmy, "I don't know. I like everything pretty well, though of course rice pudding isn't a very good dessert. Yes," he continued after a thoughtful minute, "I like everything but carrots."

"Carrots!" exclaimed Miss Rose. "Why, I don't like them either."

"Oh," laughed Jimmy, "we're alike. And do you like chocolate creams better than anything else? I do."

"Well," said Miss Rose, "chocolate creams are very good."

"I've never had a whole box of them," said Jimmy. "Mother says that little boys don't have whole boxes to themselves."

Just then mother called them in to supper, and for some time Jimmy was too busy to pay much attention to what the rest were saying. It was when he heard his own name that he listened. Miss Rose was saying, "You could give Jimmy his luncheon tomorrow, couldn't you, mother?"

Jimmy looked up from his plate. Mrs. White was deaf, and Miss Rose had to repeat

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CONTINUING THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

what she had said. "Mrs. Smith feels that she can't go to the city with me tomorrow because Jimmy comes home to his luncheon."

"Why," said Mrs. White, smiling when she understood, "I should like to have Jimmy take luncheon with me tomorrow. I don't know much about little boys, but I'm sure I could give him something to eat."

"Oh," laughed Miss Rose, "Jimmy is easily pleased. He is like me and enjoys eating everything but carrots."

"Carrots," did you say?" asked Mrs. White. "I'll remember that. So you'll come, won't you, Jimmy?"

Jimmy smiled shyly and nodded.

The next morning when Jimmy was ready for school and mother was almost ready for her trip to the city with Miss Rose Jimmy said, "What shall I do, mother, when I go to Mrs. White's this noon?"

"Why," said Mother, pulling on her gloves, "just ring the bell; ring it loud so that Mrs. White will hear, and then answer politely when she speaks to you. Speak loud for it would be much kinder to make her hear you the first time, but of course you mustn't shout. Then eat your luncheon just as you do at home."

Speak politely and loud, and eat his luncheon. That sounded easy enough, thought Jimmy on his way to school. But at noon when he walked slowly along the village street to Mrs. White's, he wondered just how hard he must press the button to ring the bell very loud.

At last he came to Mrs. White's. There was no need to ring the bell, for she was at the door looking for him.

"Here you are, Jimmy," she said, smiling. Jimmy took off his cap and said, "Yes, ma'am." It must have been just loud enough, for she said, "How well I hear you! I believe my hearing is improving! Luncheon is ready," she added, and led the way to the dining room. "I've cooked something of which I am very fond, and my daughter said yesterday that you like carrots too. I never cook them when she is at home, for she doesn't like them, but now we shall have a feast, shan't we?"

Jimmy tried to swallow the lump in his throat. What could he do? Tell her he didn't like them? Why there wasn't anything on the table except bread and butter and a big dish of carrots!

"I walked out to Mr. Brown's farm for them this morning, so I know that they are fresh and tender," Mrs. White was saying as she helped Jimmy to a big dish of carrots.

Jimmy looked from the carrots to Mrs. White's smiling face. He gave a big sigh. "I shall have to eat them," he said to himself. "I'll just eat them as fast as I can, and then drink my milk to take the taste away."

So he ate the carrots, fairly gobbled them in fact, and when he had finished took a long drink of milk.

Mrs. White laughed. "You do like them, Jimmy," she said. "I am so glad, and now let me give you some more."

More! Jimmy finished his milk and then said, "Thank you, but I'm not very hungry this noon." That was true; he wasn't hungry any more.

"But there is dessert," said Mrs. White, going to the kitchen.

Jimmy's eyes brightened, and then he had to wink two or three times, for Mrs. White brought rice pudding.

"Just before leaving this morning my daughter said something about carrots and rice pudding," said Mrs. White pleasantly. "I am so glad, for I should never have thought of them."

Jimmy took one spoonful of pudding, and then another and another, until it was all gone. Then he thanked Mrs. White, took his cap and ran to school.

He was a hungry and quiet little boy at supper, but mother had so many things to tell about her visit to the city that she did not notice it.

After supper Miss Rose came.

"Jimmy Smith," she said, "you are a little brick. My mother enjoyed your visit and wants you to come again. However," she added, "I shall be there too, and I shall do the cooking. She said that she could hear distinctly every word you said, and I'm going to speak so that she can understand what I say too. And now Jimmy boy, I've brought something that I hope will even things up."

Jimmy unwrapped the parcel she gave him and found a big box of chocolate creams—a whole box, all for him!

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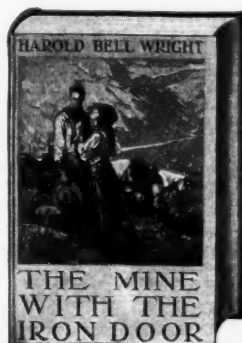
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SUGARING TIME

By Florence Boyce Davis



When there comes a keen March morning, and
the bluejays flute and whistle,
And the crows are hoarsely cawing, and the
air is clear and still,
And old Shep stands at the corner with his shoulders
all a-bristle,
Envious of the baying fox hounds loping up
the pasture hill,
When you hear a sleek old robin in the frosty
maple singing,
When your heart just leaps and dances and
your spirit's all in rime,
Then yoke up the brindle oxen! We will set the
woods a-ringing
As we break the snowy roads again, for this is
sugaring time.

Did a crier pass, I wonder, in the small hours of
the morning,
Muffled jowl and swinging lantern, up and
down the drifted lanes,
To the frozen hills and valleys giving out his
weather warning—
Was it that which waked us early with the
springtime in our veins?
There is snow upon the hillside, but the mountain
brook is slipping
From beneath its icy covers, making haste to
get away,
And the sun is hot and dazzling, and the eaves are
all a-dripping;
Oh, there's not a doubt about it, this will be a
sugar day!

We will scatter round the buckets, we will set to
work at tapping,
We will soak the wooden draw tub, and we'll
tinker up the arch,
For it's hustle in the morning when you hear the
flicker rapping,
And it's home again at evening when the saw-
whet sings in March;
Oh, it's fine to eat your dinner while you watch
the syrup bubble
Or to quench your thirst a-kneeling at a roaring
mountain stream,
And a man is hale and hearty, and there's nothing
much the trouble
When he smells of pine and balsam, smoking
wood and sugar steam.

Every rock gives back an echo, through the woods
the sleds go crawling,
Clanking chain and creaking runner in and
out among the trees.
Is there any sound that's better than to hear a
bluebird calling
From a leafless bough above you upon morn-
ings such as these?
And to find among the dead leaves an hepatica in
blossom,
Lifting up its cup of promise in a winter-
sadden clime—
Have you seen a finer breastpin on old Mother
Nature's bosom?
Have you known a finer season than is ours in
sugaring time?

FOOLISHLY WISE; FOOLISHLY IGNORANT

IT is not hard to remember him, writes a correspondent; he was the most ignorant man that I ever knew. He lived within forty miles of Philadelphia; yet he had never visited the city and had no desire to see it. He did not lack the money to travel, for he was a thrifty truck gardener with no one except his wife dependent upon him.

"The Delaware River?" Yes, it was "over there" somewhere, with an indefinite nod of the head toward the east. So much for geography. "The Boston Tea Party?" Yes, he reckoned tea was grown in a place called Boston, but he didn't like tea anyway; it was good only for women. So much for history. "The world a globe?" Absurd. We'd all roll off if it were not flat as a pancake.

I have not exaggerated. He was astonishingly ignorant; yet he was a man of more than ordinary native ability, as he soon showed when it came to a discussion of his business. He was unlettered because he did not want to know.

What was worse, he attributed his ignorance to the Scriptures. "The Bible," said he, "is against learnin'. Don't hit say that not many wise are called?"

What distortion of the Scripture! Somewhere this man had heard a snatch of a verse and had gone no further. The quotation really is: "Not many wise men after the flesh . . . are called." "Wise after the flesh" is the man who is puffed up over a little learning. He is the smatterer. In truth the man who wrote the

misquoted verse was possibly the most learned of all the Biblical writers. His fellow traveler and biographer, Luke, had few equals in literary style. He too was a man of learning. No, if you follow Scriptural advice you will know all you can know and, remaining humble, put your knowledge into harness and use it to usher in the better day of which all the prophets have dreamed.

A DASH OF COLD WATER

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, African explorer and novelist, who succeeded in the daring experiment of writing novels in which some of the characters of Dickens reappear together with their descendants, acquired his enthusiasm for Dickens at a very early age. He was only eleven years old, but already familiar with most of his stories, when during a visit to Rochester he had a glimpse of the "inimitable Bos" himself. The boy was strolling past the cathedral in company with a young lady when she suddenly pressed his arm and bent down to tell him in a low voice, "That is Mr. Dickens, taking notes in the cathedral porch."

"I turned my eyes discreetly," Sir Harry relates in his recent autobiography, "and saw a not very tall man in a double-breasted cutaway coat and a tall chimney-pot hat, with a grizzled beard, look up at us from writing in a notebook. I am bound to say the look did not strike me as friendly; he seemed annoyed at being recognized and interrupted in what no doubt were the first notes taken for Edwin Drood. We passed on hurriedly; but on my return I burst out excitedly to an assembled luncheon party: 'We've seen Charles Dickens, and he was making notes about Rochester Cathedral!'"

"Quite likely, my dear," said the impassive Mrs. L. "But go and smooth your hair and wash your hands before you come in to lunch."

Even more depressing was the unresponsiveness that an American biographer of distinction met with on relating his first encounter, not with a literary lion, but with a star in one of the sister arts. He had been taken to see a play somewhat beyond his years, and it had not greatly interested him; but it was followed by a ballet-pantomime, the beautiful, gauzy heroine of which wholly captivated his youthful fancy. When he reached home he had to pour out his rapture to someone, and he selected the only person not too busy to listen—his grandmother. She knitted placidly while he related the plot of the piece and its thrilling climax, in which the lovely heroine, having nobly refused to betray her oppressed country to the tyrant, is shot. "And first she started, and then she clasped her hands over her breast, and then she stood up very straight right on the tips of her toes, and then she danced all the way across the big stage from the very back away down to the front edge,—on the tips of her toes all the way,—and then she whirled and whirled,—still on the tips of her toes,—and then she threw up her arms high above her head,—and then she whirled some more,—and she never let herself down off the tips of her toes until she fell over, dead!"

"How natural!" said grandmother gently.

THE BLUE-COAT BOYS

AN interesting example of the adherence to tradition that makes so much of English life picturesque is to be seen in the costume of the Blue-Coat boys of Christ's Hospital, which is no longer a hospital but a great public school devoted in part to the early education of the orphaned sons of clergymen of the Church of England. The costume is essentially the same as that prescribed by the original charter of 1553, the year in which King Edward VI founded the institution; then it consisted of a blue gown reaching to the ankles, with brass buttons and a leather belt; a yellow apron or petticoat; knee breeches and saffron-colored stockings; low shoes, clergyman's bands and a blue worsted cap.

The apron was discarded as an impediment; and near the middle of the last century the boys took a dislike to the cap and refused to wear it. The overseers investigated the matter, found that nothing in the original charter authorized an alteration in the boys' headgear and solemnly reported that no change was possible. Accordingly from that day to this the boys have gone bareheaded.

In the old days when the school occupied the remodeled monastery of the Gray Friars in Newgate Street visitors to London frequently met Blue-Coat boys trudging through the streets in rain or snow, always bareheaded and never with umbrellas. The school now occupies new and spacious buildings in the country, thirty-four miles from London, but the boys still wear the traditional costume. The Blue-Coats make an annual visit to London, when they attend service at Christ Church and afterward dine with the Lord Mayor.

INCHES AND ELOQUENCE

SIZE, we all know, is no necessary accompaniment of physical prowess; nor can an insignificant presence destroy the effect of true eloquence. A lady who comes of Quaker stock recently related an anecdote of one of her ancestors, a Friend whose native gift of eloquence led him to address wider audiences than those of the Friends' meeting. He was an

ardent abolitionist and had often to face hostile audiences; but, though he was a tiny man, he was never dismayed; and it was rarely that he did not finally obtain a hearing. But once when he was patiently trying to win the attention of a boisterous assembly on a village green the strong man of the place, an enormous, jovial fellow, egged on by a group of mischievous youngsters, broke through the crowd and, seizing the orator bodily, swung him breathless to his shoulder, crying: "Up-si-diddy, little un! How's that for high?"

The "little un" rose to the occasion, as it were. Ceasing to struggle and gripping the captor's hair firmly with one hand, he answered quietly, but his voice carried: "If thee is as steady as thee is strong, friend, it is very well indeed. I will speak from thy shoulder, so long as thee does not weary of holding me."

And he did; the big man, thus challenged, held him upon a human rostrum to the close of an address that converted the crowd to respect for the speaker, however it may have affected their political opinions.

A somewhat similar story of size versus spirit is related of the strong man of another New England village, who was also its lazy man. He seldom held a job more than a few days, and he allowed his wife to do the heaviest of the household chores. The people of the community were indignant; and at prayer meeting one evening an exhortative elder held forth upon the evils of indolence in an address the personal application of which could not be missed. Next day the bulky, lounging giant and the tiny, wizened little elder met in a lonely lane. As they came close the giant, grimly towering, placed his huge hands suddenly upon the elder's shoulders and pressed downward.

"Little man, little man," he said contemptuously, "you're high in your spirit and great with your tongue, it may be; but after all you're naught but a little man, a little man! The Lord didn't see fit to favor ye with strength!"

The great hands had slowly forced the little elder to his knees in the roadway; but he looked up dauntlessly at his tormentor.

"Lazy lout, lazy lout," he answered promptly, "you're great in your body as low in your wit, it may be; but after all you're naught but a lazy lout, a lazy lout, a lazy lout! May the Lord favor ye with grace to mend!"

To conclude the story properly we ought to be able to say that the giant reformed. Unfortunately he did nothing of the sort, but he gave the spirited little elder his unstinted admiration, and when he could be induced to work for anybody it was oftenest for him.

PREHISTORIC NEGRO SCULPTURE

OF the origin and development of African sculpture we know almost nothing. Just why and where and how this strange art first came into being is a matter of conjecture. Research tells us little about it.

The figure of a woman wearing an oddly-concocted Egyptian headdress is one of the



An ancient negro statue carved in wood

most interesting examples in a collection of African sculpture that has been brought to America. The anatomy, says a writer in the Mentor, is distorted and unnatural,—the legs are too short, and the neck is too long,—yet the figure has somehow an integrity of its own.

The bodies of all the figures in the collection are marked in triangles, crosses and oblongs; they are rendered in relief, which means that the artist has laboriously cut away the whole surface round them. Patient elaboration of the surface, owing perhaps to the artist's endless leisure, is characteristic of most of the work.

In just what part of Africa did the sculptors live? We are not certain. Although some may have lived along the western coast, most of them were scattered throughout the interior. The natives of the Ivory Coast, which is near the confines of a great forest belt rich in palm trees, and which was first made known by the Portuguese toward the end of the fifteenth century, may have reached a high state of culture. Some ten centuries ago they wove cloth, made pottery and melted iron; and so it is reasonable to suppose that sculpture may have been among their arts.

In the early part of the nineteenth century

French traders established themselves along the coast and formed a French West African colony; today it has a population of about two millions. They were the natives who carried these rare examples of African sculpture over to Europe and sold them to French artists and art dealers. Among those who bought them and who were profoundly influenced by their art were Matisse and other moderns. Cubistic art and other forms of impressionism gathered momentum from the study of these sculptures, if indeed they did not actually spring from them.

MR. PEASLEE ON SAUCING THE GANDER

MR. PEASLEE, who had found his trowel where his small nephew had left it, had reproved the boy in good set terms, and the little fellow had gone off in a much chastened mood. Deacon Hyne, who had called to consult Caleb about purchasing a lop-eared pig, looked in astonishment at the usually easy-spoken Caleb.

"It was mostly for his good I spoke the way I did, Hyne," Caleb protested. "He's gittin' too apt to throw a thing down right where he uses it and then f'git all about it."

"Talkin' for another person's good," observed the deacon, "full's often as not gives a person an excuse to work off a speck of bad temper at the same time, I've took notice. Not that I go so far as to say that's what you done it for," he added pacifically.

Caleb nodded, and for a minute the two elderly men were silent. At last Caleb said slowly:

"I don't very often make the excuse I did to you, Hyne,—about faultfinding for another person's good, I mean. And whenever I do my mind goes back to Waldo Bancroft and the cure his wife brought herself to work on him."

"I've heard of Waldo Bancroft, seems to me," the deacon remarked, "and always he was well-spoken of, fur's I can remember."

"And with all the reason in the world," Caleb assented promptly. "That is," he amended, "durin' the latter part of his life. Before that time, though, he was a good deal of a trial to his wife when they happened to be in company together—and to the company too."

"I s'pose," Caleb speculated slowly, "if I was asked to pick out the pattern of a quiet, well-behaved woman, it might be as much like Miss' Waldo Bancroft that was as one gooseberry's like another one. I never heard one word of fault found with her—her looks nor her manners nor her temper—except from the man that you'd cal'late would think the highest of her; namely, Waldo Bancroft himself."

"But he found fault 'nough. Land sake, I should say he did! And it wa'n't when they was alone; he'd pick the time when there'd be a passel of folks to hear him, and then he'd go over whatever faults he found to take exception to, like the way she held her hands in her lap, or eatin' too fast or speakin' too quick, mebbe."

"Many and many a time I've seen the woman stand jest all she could and then get up and excuse herself out of the room—for nothin' in the world but so she could have a good cry all to herself. And when she'd gone Waldo'd look round as satisfied 'sif he'd done some praiseworthy deed and explain that he done it only for her own good." Mr. Peaslee looked guiltily at the deacon. "At times I'd have all I could do to keep from layin' hands on him, and my wife amongst others felt jest the same as I did!"

"Fin'ly one night at a church supper when he took her to task about the bonnet she'd worn and likened it to a crow's nest the poor woman wa'n't able to keep her feelin's back; so all at once she pushed back from the table and went almost on the run outdoors, dabbin' at her eyes with her handkerchief! I don't s'pose," Caleb remarked retrospectively, "Waldo ever mistrusted how near he was to gittin' four-five lickin's, one right after the other, that special time. I was ready to begin 'em for one!"

"The men didn't start in on him, though, feelin' kind of diffident about meddlin'. But the women did; at least, they took the matter up with Miss' Bancroft, and my wife was sort of spokeswoman for 'em. She p'inted out that he was gittin' wuss and wuss, and if he wa'n't halted there'd be no livin' with him. Further'n that, she told her it wa'n't the most comf'able thing for comp'ny to have to set round and listen to him when he was correctin' her. And after they'd talked to her a spell they got her to listen to what seemed might be a cure for him."

"Waldo's cure was carried out the big day of the quarterly meetin', when there was a dozen or fifteen strange ministers there, men that even Waldo looked up to. He was mixin' in with 'em and tryin' to be extr'y p'lite and obligin' when Miss' Bancroft, backed up and urged on by the women-folks in the c'nspiracy, opened up on him. Waldo was jest warmin' up to one of the strange ministers when she come up behind him and says in a whisper that they could hear over half the room:

"Waldo," she says, 'if you could see yourself and realize how pushin' you're makin' yourself appear, shovin' in the way you're doin', you'd die of shame, I should think—you're most killin' me anyway.' And she looked him right in the eye 'sif she meant every word of it!"

"I s'pose if ever there was a case of a man's almost losin' the use of his legs from bein' astonished it was Waldo. And whilst he was



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gittin' his breath and senses back Mis' Bancroft moved off, givin' him a reprovin' look, 'sif she wuz warnin' him not to misbehave any more. "And that wa'n't all of it neither. She kept right after him all the time of the meetin', though it took the whole strength of the other women to keep her from back-slidin'. But she done noble; she found fault with the way he'd combed his hair and for not blackin' his boots and for talkin' too quick—she give him word for word a good many of the things he'd give her in times past. And every stranger there got a chance to hear 'em and to look pityin' at Waldo for bein' tied to such a woman.

"Long towards the last of the day she went outdoors for a minute, and Waldo no more'n saw her start 'fore he was follerin' her; but my wife ketched him by the door and hove him to. 'Where you goin', she says, 'and what are you callin' to do?

"Waldo was so mad and injured-feelin' both that he could hardly trust himself to answer, but he knew my wife well 'nough to know she'd have a reply 'fore she let him go; so he says: 'I'm goin' to have a word with that woman,' he says, 'and see if she's gone crazy or what. Never in my born days was I ever talked to the way she's talked to me this day!'

"He made 'sif to pull away, but my wife kep' her holt on his coat. 'No, you don't!' she says. 'You're goin' to stay right here; you ain't goin' to say one word to her; and you're goin' to listen to me!

"Most every thing she's said to you,' my wife says, 'are slurs you've give her in my hearin' and in the hearin' of others, and she's jest handed 'em back to you. And now you've got 'em back,' my wife says, 'how do you like 'em? Do you s'pose,' she asked him, 'that she liked 'em any better when you was sayin' 'em to her?'

"Waldo quit tryin' to break away and stood listenin' with his jaw droppin'. 'But you don't seem to understand,' he said at last, pleadin'-like. 'All I ever corrected her was for her own good!'

"My wife g'n him a look that went clear through his hide, and she says: 'That's jest what this lesson's for today. Every word of it's been for your own good and nobody else's! And,' she says 'if you're good-witted, you'll see there ain't any need of another dose.' And then she let him go.

"And do you know, Hyne," Caleb finished, "that one lesson changed him complete. And I'll bet that's more'n what I said about the trowel done to Johnny!"

THE AMERICANS

WE like to think that America is a land of hope for the immigrant where he can improve not only his material but also his spiritual condition. Apparently that is not always so. The modest and useful man may become merely showy and vulgar with prosperity. In Harper's Magazine Miss Viola I. Paradise and Miss Helen Campbell cite a few examples of that unfortunate result. Some of the unpleasant effects of Americanization were especially conspicuous in remote villages, where the two women not only met the prosperous returned immigrant but had a chance to know the peasants and to get some idea of what the emigrants were like before they went away. We quote:

"We met an *Americano* splurging round in a showy overcoat and a broad felt hat; he had originally been a blacksmith, but in the United States had risen from a manual laborer to be a restaurant keeper and a steamship agent. He insisted upon acting as guide about the village and always pointed out how much better things were in the United States. Once when he had been unduly boasting a peasant turned quietly to us and with a shrug said in Italian, 'And he was once such a good blacksmith!'

We joined with him in regret at a real loss. America had ruined him.

TRIANGULAR WHEELS

THE carts that travel the "rocky road to Dublin" would have a much rougher time of it if their wheels were like those that the Mongolian peasant uses on his ox cart. The two wheels, says Mr. A. S. Kent in *Old Tartar Trails*, are unprotected by iron tires, and therefore with constant use over stony roads they soon lose their roundness and become first octagonal, then hexagonal and then pentagonal. At that point the Mongol begins to think that he ought to have new wheels; but before his caravan has reached a place where he can find a Chinese to do the work the wheels have passed the rectangular stage and have become triangular, and the vehicle will go no farther.

A LITERARY CRITICISM

AT a dinner given many years ago in honor of Mr. Hall Caine, says the Argonaut, the late Thomas Nelson Page was invited to introduce the English novelist. Just before the toast began one of the guests passed his menu card round the table and requested that Mr. Caine put his signature on it.

"That's a good idea," said Page. "I must do that too. I've got to introduce Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."



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Montgomery Ward & Co. is headquarters for Radio, selling everything direct by mail without the usual "Radio-profits." Why pay higher prices? Ward quality is the best and the prices will often save you one-third. Everything sold under our Fifty Year Old Guarantee—Your Money Back if You Are Not Satisfied. Write today for your copy of this complete 52-page Radio Book.

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When buying pens—here's a point to remember: There's a Spencerian Personal Steel Pen to fit your hand, perfectly. Every one of the many styles is of special Spencerian steel with finely worked, hand-made points. Result—a longer-lasting, smoother—writing pen than you ever used before.

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A sample card of one dozen assorted pens for a dime, and our hand-writing booklet free.



"Old Town Canoes"



"Old Town Canoes" are patterned after real Indian models. They are graceful, strong and remarkably steady. "Old Town Canoes" respond instantly to every stroke of the blade. They are low in price. \$64 up. From dealer or factory.

The new 1924 catalog is beautifully illustrated. It shows all models in full colors. Write for your free copy to-day.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO.
1453 Middle Street, Old Town, Maine, U.S.A.

Milder Musterole for Small Children

Thousands of mothers tell us they would not be without *Children's Musterole*, the new and milder form of good old Musterole especially prepared for use on babies and small children.

In the dead of night, when they are awakened by the warning, croupy cough, they rub the clean, white ointment gently over the child's throat and chest and then go back to bed.

Children's Musterole, like regular Musterole, penetrates the skin with a warming tingle and goes quickly to the seat of the trouble.

It does not blister like the old-fashioned mustard plaster and it is not messy to apply.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it takes the kink out of stiff necks, makes sore throats well, stops croupy coughs and colds. In jars, 35c.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



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We want an auto owner in each locality to advertise Armour Cords. You can make big money and get your own sample tires free, by sending us orders from friends and neighbors. No capital or experience needed. We deliver & collect direct. Pay you daily.

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"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."
Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

The plain truth about soap and beauty



"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.

"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"

"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, *simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water.* If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is *pure soap*.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the washstands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

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